THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL AT MULLINGAR.

The Indomitable Agitator and Patriot Explains the Effects of the New Land Bill in a Masterly Manner.

How Nationality and Independence are Concerned in the Settlement of the Agrarian Difficulty.

Mr. Parnell, who on coming forward was received with an outburst of enthusiasm which lasted for several minutes, then addressed the meeting. He said:

"Men of Westmeath, I regret that a slight attack of the prevailing malady that is going prevents my voice from being as strong as it usually is, or as I would like it to be to attempt to do some sort of justice to this magnificent and splendid meeting (cheers), and there are at this moment especially some questions which I should like to have all my physical strength to have dealt with before this meeting—questions of very great and overwhelming importance to the country, in addition to these which have so much occupied the attention of Ireland, and I may say of all civilized nations during the last few months (cheers). Before I go to the general situation, I should like very generally, very shortly, to deal with the questions which will in all probability prove to be of the utmost importance to Ireland, to the majority of the people of Ireland, and certainly to the great majority of the tenant farmers (cheers), and in dealing with it I desire to admit from the commencement that it is a mixed question, one with which various considerations are connected, and one in reference to the solution of which I shall be obliged to ask many of my most prominent and strongest supporters for their forbearence. You will recollect that on the second reading of the Land Bill last session, and again on the vote for the chief secretary's salary later in the same year, I directed attention, not for the first time, to the possibility of limiting the area in Ireland which it was necessary to buy out under the operation of any Land Purchase Act. I did not then, neither do I now, without further consideration, bind myself down to any particular method of limiting that area, but my present knowledge gained by experience of

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION,

had for many years convinced me that, given on the one side a limited sum of money, and on the other side an unwillingness on the part of the Empire—of the imperial exchequer—to advance us more than that limited sum of money, it would be absolutely necessary for us to find some method of limiting the area to be solved by land purchase; and secondly, that it was possible to find that method of limiting the area. Now, there are figures in connection with this matter which are very important. We have had the Land Act of '81, which reduced the tenants' rents after long struggling in the courts, after fights against the landlords, after many imprisonments, penal servitudes and executions, after much money spent upon attorneys and lawyers—by some 17½ per cent (cheers). That 17½ per cent was not even given to all the Irish tenants; it was given to about one-third of them. In 1887 we got the Conservative government to let in another fourth—the leaseholders—so as to open the Land Act to a little over one-half of the 580,000 tenant farmers. They have not all yet got their reductions, but if they live long enough, and if the land commissioners live long enough, I suppose they will get them some time or another (cheers). Now, from the first moment of my public life I have always been in favor of the solution by occupying ownership, or what is known as peasant proprietary. I have looked upon that as likely to be the most permanent, but I have welcomed any attempts to reduce the rents as necessary precedents to the introduction of a great measure of peasant proprietary. Unfortunately the Liberal party have committed themselves against any further advances of public money for the purpose of establishing an occupying ownership in Ireland. I think that was a great mistake from their point of view, and also from the point of view of the interests of Ireland (hear, hear); and when Mr. Balfour, the present chief secretary, introduced his Land Purchase Bill this session I thought it was my duty, in the interests of Ireland, to give it a fair and favorable consideration (cheers), and not to allow it to be obstructed or injured in any way by either Englishmen or Irishmen (cheers, and cries of "you are right"); and in that I have been so far successful (cheers). On Friday

A MOST IMPORTANT PROPOSAL

was foreshadowed by Mr. Balfour, in addition to the beneficial provisions that the bill already contained, and it is in reference to this proposal that I wish to speak to you mainly today. It is one which you ought to understand very clearly; it is one I believe which will do more for Ireland, for the vast majority of the Irish tenants, and for the majority of the Irish people, if fairly carried out by the lord lieutenant and by the land commission, than any measure which has ever come from the imperial parliament (cheers); but, at the same time, it is a proposal which will press very seriously and very hardly upon an important and large class in Ireland—I mean the tenants above £30 valuation. Shortly speaking, this proposal is that there should be a line drawn at £30 valuation, that the tenants at and under £30 should be allowed to purchase their holdings, but that, practically speaking, the tenants over £30 should not be allowed to purchase. Let me give you the figures and the reasons for this proposal, and then let me tell you how far I agree with it, how far I think it ought to be modified in justice to the class, the small class, but important class, of tenants above £30 valuation, and let me admit this to you—I am, undoubtedly, responsible for the making of this proposal. My speeches of last session, indicating the general lines upon which the area of land purchase might be limited so as to enable the $30,000,000 to reach as far as possible, have set the chief secretary thinking and have resulted in this proposal (cheers); but because the proposal has been made by another person, as a consequence of my speeches, it does not follow that I am bound to accept the proposal in whole without very considerable modification (cheers). Now let me give you the figures upon which the principles underlying this proposal can be justified, and let me say to you, in my judgment, these figures are absolutely overwhelming and convincing as regards the expediency and correctness of the principles upon which this proposal is based. There are in Ireland 585,000 holdings of all kinds, agricultural tenancies, large and small. Of these 585,000 the bill as it stands, and the thirty millions of money—or, as I might call it, forty millions, because ten million has already been given under the Ashbourne Act—will only buy out one out of every four, or 146,250; that is to say, out of the 585,000 one out of every four, if you allow every tenant to buy, would be able to become the owner of his holding at

A CONSIDERABLE REDUCTION IN HIS RENT

(cheers). We should still have three-fourths of the big tenants and of the little tenants left outside the chance of buying, with declarations from the Liberal party that they will never get one sixpence of imperial money to enable the tenants to buy, and with the declarations from the Tory party that these thirty millions will be the last money that they will ever give for land purchase in Ireland. Well, now, the holdings, taking the £30 limit, are divided as follows: There are 71,000 holdings over £30 valuation, which it will take eighty-two millions to buy, and there are 514,000 holdings at and under £30 which could be bought for forty millions, or less than one half what the 71,000 big holdings could be bought for. Now, under Mr. Balfour's new proposal on Friday last, the thirty millions which are left, instead of enabling one out of every four of the remaining tenants to be bought out, will enable very nearly half of them or one out of every two—that is the sum and substance of the matter. It is based upon the principle that the greatest number should be served first (cheers)—the greatest good to the greatest number (renewed cheering). Under it 205,000 small and large holdings chiefly small—the enormous majority of them small—for, practically speaking, the men above £30 would be shut out—will be purchased out of the 585,000 holdings, just about 42 per cent, or in round numbers one out of every two (cheers). Well, over 200,000 tenant farmers with their rents reduced by 40 per cent—they will be able to get them reduced by forty per cent or even more and made the owners of their holdings—will be a very large reform (cheers). It will be the greatest reform that has ever been passed for Ireland (cheers). It will practically settle one-half—and the worst half—of the Irish land question; it will make many happy homes, and it will keep at home many of our fine young men and fine young women who are now compelled to emigrate to America for their support and for their subsistence (cheers). Well, now, I go further, and I will say this, that if, with the modifications which I shall propose to this new proposal of the chief secretary, and which I shall shortly explain, be accepted, it will lead to the remainder of the small Irish tenants at and under £30 poor law valuation being purchased out and their rents being reduced by over 40 per cent (cheers). Let me show you what the size of this question is a little further—514,000 Irish tenants who are at and under £30 valuation out of the total number of 585,000 could be purchased out for forty millions. That is to say, that when this thirty millions is spent, an advance of

ANOTHER TEN MILLIONS

would enable the whole of the 514,000 tenants valued at and under £30 to become the owners of their holdings at a reduction of 40 per cent of their rents. Now, that is a big reform; it is one which I have long had in mind; it is one, the principle of which I placed before Mr. Gladstone in a written memorandum so far back as the beginning of '86, when I pointed out to him that it was possible to materially limit the area of the land purchase question, and when he very unfortunately rejected my advice and brought in a bill which would have necessitated an expenditure of one hundred and fifty millions of money in order to have the Irish land question settled. Now, let me explain to you what modifications ought to be given by the government with regard to their new proposal of Friday. As I have shown you, practically speaking, their new proposal will shut out nearly all the men over £30 valuation. Although in the west of Ireland that would not matter so much, it would matter much in the province of Leinster, in many parts of the province of Munster, and in portions, though not very large portions of the province of Ulster. It would materially affect many of the eastern counties, such as the county of Meath and Westmeath, portions of the tenants of the county of Louth, the county of Dublin, and the county of Kildare.

A Voice—And the Queen's county.

Mr. Parnell—Not so much the Queen's county. But we will have the statistics of this question on the table of the house of commons next Tuesday or Wednesday, and then every county will be able to see how this proposal will affect it. I think that the tenants above £30 should not be so absolutely shut out as the government propose (hear, hear). I will tell you

WHAT I INTEND TO SUGGEST.

I intend to suggest that the man above £30 should get as much money, to make the best hand of it he can, either in purchasing his holding or fining down his rent, as the man who was under the £30. It would be very unfair that the man of £31 should be entirely shut out while the man of £30 would get his £300 to buy his holding, and what I shall propose is this—that each tenant above £30 shall get his £500 or £600 apiece to enable him to meet part of the purchase price, or, in the case of larger holdings, to enable him to fine down the rent (cheers). Thus, under that arrangement, I think the larger tenants, those above £30, or certainly one out of every two of them, will be able to get their rents reduced by fining down by about 20 per cent. Of course we have to cut our coat according to our cloth. I would gladly see every residential tenant in Ireland the owner of his own holding, but it is impossible for us, in view of the false policy adopted by the Liberal party on this question, and in face of the intimidation exercised by them towards the Tory party, to induce them not to advance more than the thirty millions, if so much, and we are obliged to spread it and make it go as far as possible (cheers). Having regard to the proportionate interests of all the tenant farmers so much affected by this bill and the proposed solution of this question, let me go on to say this—I have explained to you what the government proposal is. I have explained to you my proposals, which will be shortly made, modifying it. I regard the government proposals as being of the greatest possible value (cheers). I am glad to say that Mr. Sexton, one of the prominent leaders of the secessionist party, recognized on Friday last the importance of the principle involved in the chief secretary's proposal, and although he brought forward a counter proposal of his own, it is evident that Mr. Sexton, who has on many occasions shown far above and beyond his colleagues' statesmanlike grasp of important questions, seeing the far-reaching character of this proposal, he is prepared to give it every and the most favorable consideration (cheers). But I am sorry to say that policy was not indorsed by several of his colleagues. Mr. Healy (groans) denounced the proposal and also its principle. He was followed by Mr. Matt Kenny, another lawyer (groans), and by Mr. Chance (groans), a celebrated solicitor, who pretended to constitute themselves the champions of the large tenant farmers (laughter and groans). Of course those gentlemen don't want the Irish land question—those lawyers don't want the Irish land question—to be settled at all, and in a forthcoming sensational trial it will be shown

HOW MUCH THEY HAVE MADE

out of the trouble by keeping it unsettled (cries of "Maryborough"). Their organs in the press (groans) also denounce the principle of this proposal of the government (cries of "Shame"). They say it is a plot between Mr. Balfour and myself. Well, if it is, all I can say is that I wish I could get up a few more such plots, and I think they would be found very much more to the advantage and interest of Ireland than the alleged plot at Maryborough (cheers). I trust that the strength of the demonstration made on Friday in the house of commons by Tim Healy and Chance (groans) against the government proposals, may not have frightened Mr. Balfour and induced him to withdraw it, but I don't believe it will, for by tokens and signs that I have observed I believe that Mr. Sexton's policy, and not Mr. Healy's policy, will have the upper hand on this occasion (laughter). In fact I know this, that Tom sent Tim back to Ireland last night for a few days, to get him out of harm's way (renewed laughter). Now, men of Westmeath, I am afraid that I have detained you at inconceivable length in trying to explain to an enormous mass meeting the details of a very intricate and complicated question, and I am very anxious that you should not only have listened to my speech but that you should read it tomorrow (cheers for the *Freeman's Journal*), and that not only you but that every tenant farmer should read it and try to understand it, for I am convinced in my heart that the speech that I made today is one of the most important and one of the most advantageous for the interests of the Irish tenant farmers and the Irish people that I have ever addressed to an audience of my fellow countrymen. Now, I have to say this, that while I have devoted so much of my speech to this land question, I know that it isn't the land question that has brought you all here. I know that it is not the land question that has rallied to my side in this struggle everything, or nearly everything, and nearly every man or woman who is strong, honest and courageous in Irish public life. (Cheers.) My platform upon the land question was declared at one of the earliest moments of my public existence, and I have never wavered (cheers.) It was in my judgment, it was and is in my judgment, that every concession gained for Irish tenant farmers, every improvement in their condition, every reduction of their rent, strengthens their independence, makes them stronger soldiers and better soldiers in the Irish National army to fight for the recovery of our lost freedom and independence (loud cheers, and a voice, "We will fight for you till we die.") The march of events has justified me fully in that position and in those declarations. The position of the tenant farmers has been improved (cheers), and are they not more sturdy and better Irishmen in every way respect today; are they not more fitted to struggle for

THE RIGHTS OF IRISH NATIONALITY?

(Cheers and cries of "Yes.") I think so, and not only think so, but am sure of it. While I saw this I knew that the tenant farmers of Ireland would cheerfully give up tomorrow all prospect of reductions in their rents, all prospects of becoming the owners of their holdings, provided that by doing so they could free their country. (Cheers.) But they are not called upon to make these sacrifices—what they are asked to do is to withstand the insidious forms of intimidation brought against them to sap their independence and courage, to remember that the proud position of Ireland is due to one thing and to one thing only, the independence of her representatives from all English parties—the independence and unity and fearlessness of her people at home (cheers.) With these only you can overcome every obstacle—you can win. Without these you are nothing, and your strength is useless. I ask you, you my fellow countrymen, then to remember the lessons of the past and not to be drawn aside by any consideration from the lines which have carried us to victory in the past and which will undoubtedly give us a complete and lasting conquest in the future. (Loud cheers.)

RURAL BEAUTY.

Miss Banim Continues Her Fascinating Description of the Country Surrounding Oliver Goldsmith's Birthplace.

Some Touching Quotations From the Works of the Gentle Poet.

Glasson left behind amid its embowering trees, we are in the open country, and find that the land has risen gently and imperceptibly until there is the feeling of being high up, so pure and free is the air, even though there are no high hills in this part of Ireland; neither is there much scenery; now Lough Ree is no longer a feature of the landscape, yet it is a very charming, home-like neighborhood, all undulating upland and plain, with the sweet air from bog and mountain, laden with the breath of many flowers—air, those who dwell here tell us, the most wholesome that one can breathe. Mr. Mac seems to draw fresh life and joy with every breath, and looks around with love and pride beaming in his face, a word for every one we meet, a greeting at every cottage door, an occasional outburst of: "There's land! but wait, wait till you see the country around Ballymahon! Boys" (we have suddenly rounded a bend in the road and are in the midst of a crowd of boys), "you must race us, every one of you"—and off we start, the whole school, just let loose for dinner, taking up the fun and swarming before, beside, and long behind the car, the last man—the weakest little fellow—getting a little prize for doing his best. What a trifle makes one happy in the country! The schoolboys were not a day younger than ourselves by the time we reached the schoolhouse in the grove by the wayside, and they clustered around while their old master came to have a friendly word with us about the country and the great topic that fills a stranger's mind here—Goldsmith; for we were now within sight, in the midst, of the very scenes where the poet first learned the love of nature.

The road falls in front of us with one of the many undulations, the land, which rises to a considerable height on the left of the highways and slopes gently to a valley on the right; trees meeting overhead form a beautiful avenue, bounded at our right by a demesne wall, above which, and through the partings of the grove, we could at intervals see the glinting of a little lake beneath. This is the spot, about four miles and a half from Athlone, purchased about the year 1819 by

COUNCILLOR HOGAN,

as the people around yet call the gentleman who then settled here, and, for love of Goldsmith's beautiful poem, endeavored to preserve from further decay some of the landmarks; he rebuilt the inn, planted the mound which Goldsmith loved, named the place "Auburn," and hoped to revive even in part the happy scenes that had undoubtedly been learned by heart by the boy whose daily walks led him from place to place, from field to field, from cottage to cottage, in the neighborhood of the Lissoy of 1730. Unfortunately, the hard times—the subsequent emigration—family changes at Auburn House—the rush for the rich cattle lands of Westmeath—all contributed to the gradual decay of the Auburn that succeeded the Lissoy of Goldsmith's boyhood. But to say that the pictures in the "Deserted Village" are other than those of this very spot, of the scenes that are on every hand, is to speak without any knowledge of what rural life in Ireland either was or is; without ever having given more than at best a cursory glance at the neighborhood; without ever spending one hour in the many picturesque places, less accessible to tourists than this, that yet were all within walking distance of Lissoy and of that other early home of Goldsmith, Ballymahon. There are many allusions in the poem that seem learned in purely Irish scenes and such as would strike only those acquainted with our rustic life. Again, the country around, while boasting no grandeur or loveliness of scenery, no striking characteristics whatever, is of that sweet, home-like character that, while it perhaps does not attract at once, yet, the oftener we see it, grows more and more pleasing in the eyes of any who can feel, can appreciate, gentle, smiling, rural beauty. It is, above all, such a country as a tender, loving heart like Goldsmith's would cling to and lovingly turn his eyes back upon from London sights and London crowds, when all the grandeur of the Alps would be but like painted scenes in the crowded gallery of memory. To understand what the attractions of the place are, it is necessary

TO GO THERE WITH LEISURE,

and to return, not once, but many times; to go among its people and hear them speak of what they see around, hear them express the deep love each one has for even the very air they breathe; and soon we, strangers to whom these peaceful scenes are not "home"—who have not known childhood's joys by these streams and among these meadows and flowery lanes—even we begin to feel the charm. What, then, must it have been when happy homes and merry sports made Sweet Auburn the "loveliest village of the plain?"

Thinking these things while sauntering along the road, going from side to side as fresh flowers or ferns attracted; idling on, as little Oliver Goldsmith did hundreds of times in this very path, we heard Mr. Mac—on ahead with his car—call aloud, as he came to a halt: "Here is Goldsmith's house."

In from the high road some one hundred and fifty yards stands the ruin, once the home of that father so beautifully painted by his son in the character of the Vicar of Wakefield—the early home, too, of the truest and noblest poet of his age. Yes, even now the site of that home is just as Goldsmith saw it, when, in his lonely London room, he closed his eyes and recalled each loved spot:

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
. . . . . .
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allowed.
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away.
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'n his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in the woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began."

This picture is said to have been exactly painted from the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, the poet's brother, who succeeded his father as Curate of Pallas; one of the boys who played here with little Oliver and grew to early manhood in this "modest mansion" of the Vicar, then Rector of Kilkenny West, and in the enjoyment of—in those times—comfortable income of £200 a year. Even now there is a charm about the place that enables one to fancy what a comfortable and pretty home that modest mansion was in its palmy days. The old fashioned, straight avenue in the centre of the lawn is now only marked by the track of wheels on the short, green sward, which, each time we visited it, was flooded by the warm sunlight that streams right upon the front of the ruined house. How cheery it must have made the rooms, so neatly furnished and daintily kept by the vicar's thrifty wife. On either hand of the avenue, a row of trees forms the boundary between the lawn and the fields, and before the house the space widens out to the right, leaving room for a magnificent lime tree, beside which the present owner of the place—a farmer—has his cozy house.

The old house itself must have been a good one; the words "modest mansion" exactly fit it; a well built, two-storied stone house, the main building five windows in length, which would have given a good many rooms of moderate size. The walls are thick, with a curious square aperture, as if for air, running the entire length of the front wall. At the back is the old garden, whose apple trees bend over the broken house-wall—that old garden where, perhaps, the Vicar planted with his own hand that very apple tree from which one of the little children of the farm broke us a branch, that we might carry it away with some of the linden blossoms.

How we tried to re-people the deserted house. The gentle, simple-hearted Vicar; his bustling wife; the boys and girls, playing in and out from lawn to parlor, then away through the trim garden, with its box edges, its espalier fruit trees, and bordering flower knots; and little Oliver, he who, though dull at lessons would sing and dance and grow wild with the joy of life, and learned each day in the sunny country around lessons from a nobler book than any written by the hand of man; lessons never to be forgotten, no more than such a heart could or ever did forget those scenes of happy childhood—

"I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last."

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Across the Deep, to the Far West,

On steamboats, cars and stage coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, remedies cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a fine defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick headache, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and biliousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionally to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Gaelic Sports in Chicago.

Fully 4,000 people went to the Gaelic Athletic Association grounds last Sunday afternoon. After the athletic sports the crowd was addressed by Wm. H. K. Redmond, M. P., one of the four Parnell envoys now in this country.

"I am glad indeed as a representative of the old sod," said the speaker, "to see the old games of Ireland preserved in this great city. All over our country Gaelic clubs can be found. They are so trained at home that if Ireland ever needs defenders it will find willing ones among the stout hearts of the Gaelic associations. The Gaelic associations by joining the young men together showed England and the world that the young men of Ireland still clung to the traditions of the past. The Gaelic associations in Ireland is national to the heart's core and owes allegiance to no political bodies or leaders. I am proud to find 4,000 miles across the ocean, in this free land, Gaelic associations preserved in the national distinction they have at home. The Gaelic associations in Ireland are under the patronage of three great Irishmen—Archbishop Croke, Michael Davitt and Charles Stewart Parnell. When I return to the old country I will take pleasure and pride in telling the Gaels there I saw Gaelic associations in Chicago as strong as any at home. In conclusion I will say that we who are left in Ireland will continue in the struggle until we can hoist the green flag of Ireland forever more."

Previous to Mr. Redmond's speech a football game took place between the Davitts and the Innisfails, the two crack teams of the association. The game was hotly contested, and was finally won by the Innisfails by a score of three points to one. The feature of the game was the work of Martin, captain of the Innisfails.

A bowling match followed, and the most prosperous day the association has yet had concluded with exhibitions of strength by Edward Brady and John Ryan.

Base Ball.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the various clubs in the race for the National League pennant for the week ending June 3:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Chicagos	34	22	12	.647
New Yorks	34	19	15	.559
Philadelphias	36	19	17	.528
Bostons	35	18	17	.514
Clevelands	37	18	19	.486
Pittsburgs	33	16	17	.485
Brooklyns	35	14	21	.400
Cincinnatis	36	14	22	.389

The following are the results of the games played during the week ending June 3:

Thursday—Chicago 3, New York 2. Cincinnati 5, Philadelphia 6. Cleveland 4, Brooklyn 3.

Saturday—Philadelphia 4, Chicago 3. Philadelphia 7, Chicago 12. New York 7, Cleveland 0. New York 6, Cleveland 3. Boston 7, Cincinnati 2. Boston 6, Cincinnati 2. Brooklyn 1, Pittsburg 7. Brooklyn 5, Pittsburg 0.

Monday—Philadelphia 3, Chicago 6. Brooklyn 5, Pittsburg 3. New York 3, Cleveland 2. Boston 2, Cincinnati 5.

Tuesday—Philadelphia 8, Chicago 0. Brooklyn 15, Pittsburg 6. New York 7, Cleveland 0. Boston 8, Cincinnati 10.

Wednesday—Brooklyn 0, Chicago 3. Philadelphia 13, Pittsburg 3. New York 11, Cincinnati 1. Boston 5, Cleveland 1.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Bostons	43	28	15	.651
St. Louis	48	30	18	.625
Baltimores	41	28	16	.610
Philadelphias	42	29	22	.576
Cincinnatis	45	21	24	.467
Columbus	44	20	24	.455
Louisvilles	48	20	28	.417
Washingtons	39	11	28	.282

Thursday—Louisville 2, Philadelphia 7. St. Louis 14, Washington 5.

Saturday—Cincinnati 2, Baltimore 9. Cincinnati 8, Baltimore 2. Columbus 6, Boston 4. Columbus 6, Boston 1. Louisville 4, Washington 7. St. Louis 17, Philadelphia 3. St. Louis 15, Philadelphia 3.

Sunday—St. Louis 6, Philadelphia 3. Louisville 8, Washington 6. Columbus 8, Boston 5.

Monday—St. Louis 2, Philadelphia 6. Louisville 5, Washington 14.

Tuesday—St. Louis 6, Baltimore 4.

Wednesday—St. Louis 11, Baltimore 6. Louisville 2, Boston 13.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	3	3	0	1000
West Ends	3	2	1	.666
Garden Citys	4	2	2	.500
Franklins	4	2	2	.500
Brands	3	1	2	.333
Rivals	3	0	3	....

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 10, Garden Citys 3. West Ends 17, Rivals 5. Franklins 19, Brands 6.

Gaelic Athletics in Ireland.

Kildare—The first round of the county Kildare football championship was brought to a close at Monasterevan, the clubs being Moorefield and Narraghmore. After a fair match, Moorefield were declared the winners. Kilkelan succeeded in defeating Foxhill.

Galway—A great football tournament took place at Ballymoe on May 10. The first teams to line up were the Drimotemple Mitchels and the Four Road Dillons; it was a stiff match but the Dillons were declared the winners by four points to nil for the Mitchels; Capt. Mannion of the Cloonberne Davitts refereed. The next teams to play were the Williamstown Emmets and Creggs Young Irelands. This game was undecided. The next teams to toe the line were the Roscommon L. P. Haydens and Kilcroan Erins; the Erins won. At Caltra, Ballymacward vs Caltra; each scored a point. Mountbellew defeated Ballinasloe. Castlefrench defeated Ahascragh. The game between Kilglass and Newbridge resulted in a draw. At Kiltarton, Ardrahan defeated Gort.

Dublin—A tournament in aid of the Parnell Leadership Fund, under the auspices of the County Dublin Gaelic Athletic Association, was held in Clontark Park on May 10. The J. Mitchels (Glasthule) defeated the Grocers' assistants. The Kickhams defeated Erin's Hope by a large score.

Roscommon—At Tulsk the Elphin and Strokestown teams played a good game of football. Elphin won.

Mayo—The Bunninadden team defeated Strandhill in the final tie for the championship of the county at Collooney.

Longford—Logan defeated Carrickedmund.

Wexford—Handball in Castlebridge was the centre of attraction on a recent Sunday. There was a large gathering of players and spectators. Barntown was represented by Pall Doyle, W. Keegan, and P Greene; Wexford by J. French, J. Duggan, J. Walsh, J. McGrath, P. Curran, and others; Cooraun by W. Cullen and J. Sheridan, and all the local men were present. The games were well played and very exciting.

Cork—Two crack football teams, Clondrohid and Dunmanway, met in Cork park on the 17th ult. Clondrohid won.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful. It possesses just those elements of health giving, blood-purifying and appetite restoring which everybody seems to need at this season. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A curious piece of bunting was carried at the head of the Amalgamated Railway Servants contingent in the Dublin labor procession—a Union Jack on a green ground!

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE RESCUE.

"Well, gentlemen," said MacNevin, as the high cliffs of the Giant's Causeway came in their sight, "it is pretty nearly time for us to shape our course. Which way shall we steer?"

"For the coast of Scotland, I suggest," said Ronald. "We shall find friends there who will aid us to escape."

"And run a further chance of capture, or at least of detention from France," exclaimed Frangois, whose breast was glowing with the hope of shortly reaching his native country. "Certainly not. What say you, Eugene?"

"Why, as for me," said Eugene, "I should wish to remain in Ireland some time longer. I have pressing business to arrange."

"It would be perfectly impossible for you to do so at present," said Ronald. "We could not land you any place where you would not be certain of capture."

"Why not proceed down the Channel, and make straight for France?" suggested Frangois.

"Because you would be certain to be captured before you could reach mid-Channel," returned Ronald. "I vote that we steer for Scotland. I have friends in every harbor along the coast. We can then suit our own different purposes, and choose our own modes of departure."

"I think that is the best plan," said MacNevin. "I don't see how escape is practicable any other way."

Eugene thought so, too, particularly as once there he was within easy reach of the Irish coast. Frangois, being in a hopeless minority, was obliged to consent, though with manifest reluctance; and, having put their prisoner ashore, they turned the boat's head to the northeast, intending to reach the coast of Scotland by rounding Rathlin Island.

In a short time the shores of the northern coast were fast receding from them.

"Good bye, Ireland!" said MacNevin, as the tall bluffs of the Giant's Causeway, with its wondrous architecture—nature's own handiwork—began to grow cloud-like. "Your hills appear to me for the last time. I would I left you under happier circumstances."

"Good-bye, Ireland!" cried Frangois gally. "I had hoped to win my marshal's baton on your green plains, but Fate has willed it otherwise."

"All hopes are not lost yet," broke in Eugene cheerfully.

"They are—completely," said MacNevin emphatically.

"The Directory may——"

"The Directory will never do anything more—and if they did it would come too late. They could not galvanize this broken, dispirited, and defeated land into fresh life. No; I shall never look on Irish shore, or stream, or hillside again. I feel that with the strength of prophecy. The gates of eternity shall unroll themselves to me, and the wonderful hand that is beyond them appear, before I shall see this land again. Good-bye, dear Ireland! And now for the hills of Scotland!"

He spoke with deep feeling; and a sense of dejection and disappointment was palpable in his words.

As he concluded, all eyes turned in the direction in which they were steering, when suddenly an exclamation burst from them!

For—tossing and tumbling in the water, so close to them that every pulley and block in her rigging could be distinctly seen, was a large three masted vessel. Their exclamations were caused by the suddenness with which she had appeared to their gaze.

If she had risen out of the water the effect could not have been more startling.

"Where has she come from?" asked Frangois in amazement. "She was certainly not here the last time when I looked."

"It seems to me," said Ronald, "that she has suddenly started out of the water. But stay! this must be the vessel we saw earlier. The mist had hidden her."

"She is in a bad way, at any rate," said Eugene, scanning her intently. "There seems to be no one working her. Her sails hang loosely, as you see, and her rudder is untended. She is abandoned."

"Strange she should be abandoned," said Ronald, "for she seems to be all right. Her masts are standing, and she is too high out of the sea to be water-logged. It seems extraordinary. Let us board her."

"And possibly fall into the danger we are flying from," said MacNevin.

"There is no fear of that," said Eugene decisively; "that is not an English rigged vessel. She is more of an American style."

"Yes," broke in Ronald, "and look yonder, there is a remnant of a flag flying. That flag is American. She must have been beaten up the Channel all night. Unless some aid is given her she will bear down on the rocks around Rathlin and be smashed to pieces in an an hour or less."

"While they were thus discussing the derelict, the vessel still continued to pitch and flounder, lifting herself unsteadily on top of a wave and lumberingly descending again into the trough of the sea, whilst the sails, or rather the remnants of them, flew out in every direction as the wind, catching in the folds, got power over them. But there was no sign of human beings on board, nor anything to indicate their presence.

It was a weird sight to see the vessel uninjured, yet thus derelict and abandoned, driving along helplessly at the mercy of wind and wave, no one knowing whence she had come, or what strange story she had brought out of the night of the storm.

"I agree with you, Ronald. I think we should board her. There is something curious about her. What say you, gentlemen?"

"I think so," said Ronald.

"And I," said Frangois.

"Very well, gentlemen. I have no objection," said MacNevin, rather reluctantly.

They turned the prow of their boat in her direction, and ran under her side to leeward. A rope descending from her bulwarks was swinging unsteadily, anon high in the air and again descending into the water.

Eugene caught it, and, with the dexterity of an active sailor, swung himself on deck.

After the lapse of some moments, during which those in the boat awaited with some anxiety his coming, he reappeared over the bulwarks and let down a rope ladder.

His face was very white, and there was a strange look on it which they did not fail to notice.

"There is something curious within this vessel," said Frangois, as, catching hold of the ladder, he rapidly mounted on deck, whither, after fastening the boat, he was quickly followed by the others.

"What is it, Eugene?" asked MacNevin. "What's amiss? What's wrong with the vessel?"

"Come below," said Eugene, with, as he turned to descend the companion ladder, something like affright in his voice.

His friends followed him, wondering at his manner. They entered the cabin, and a strange sight met their eyes.

A number of bodies lay around dead, and dead for some time, for the senses of the spectators gave sufficient evidence that decomposition had set in.

The blood scarcely yet dried on the floor, and the gashed faces and arms of the fallen, showed that a terrible struggle had taken place. The pistols and cutlasses that had fallen from the hands of the combatants lay in disorder around, where the tossing and pitching of the ship had flung them.

"There has been terrible work here," was the commentary of MacNevin as he looked in surprised silence on the evidences around.

"What could it have been?" whispered Frangois, as the four in the gloom of the cabin stood for a moment surveying the scene before them.

"A mutiny, I fancy," said Eugene.

"Robbed and plundered by pirates," suggested Ronald.

"Nay, I think not. She is an American vessel; look here!" and pointing to the name over the hatchment he showed her Boston origin. "Besides, if it were an attack by pirates it is not here but on deck the dead would be found."

"What shall we do? The vessel is driving forward toward the rocks dangerously fast," said Ronald.

"We must explore a little more, and see what it all comes to. A few minutes will suffice."

"Eugene! Ronald! come here!" cried Frangois, in a second after, from one of the sleeping berths leading off the cabin, to which he had gained entrance. "Come here!—quickly!"

Entering where the call came from, they were some time before, in the darkness, they could plainly see around them. Then they noticed that two men lay bound securely, and tied in a sitting posture to the bunk. A gag was in the mouth of each, and as they lay back, their shoulders against the partition, they appeared to be dead.

"They are not dead—there's life in them still!" said Eugene, in reply to a whisper from Frangois, as he felt their pulses. "Find a light some one, until we unbind them. And some one also see if there be any stimulant in the cabin. Their lives may depend upon instant attention."

Frangois was fortunate enough to find a light. There was not much difficulty in obtaining stimulants either, for the place was but little disturbed. Whatever was the origin or cause of the quarrel it seemed clear that ordinary robbery or plunder had nothing to do with it.

In a moment the cords that bound the two insensible forms were cut, and carefully a few drops of brandy were poured between their lips. Little by little the quantity was increased until the action of the pulse gave Eugene token of a movement towards strength and recovery.

"Frangois," whispered Eugene, "have you ever seen that face before?"

"Let me see. Hold the light a little nearer. Let it fall over his face. Why, Eugene, it is——"

"Who?"

"Our old captain."

"The very same. I could not for a moment remember. Your recognition confirms my own impression."

"I thought he was on board the British fleet?"

"What could have brought him here?"

"Heaven alone knows."

"If he recovers we shall soon know. Meantime, Frangois, we shall leave you to take care of them. The ship needs minding, too, and it will take us all our time to fix the helm and shift the sails. Thank heaven, the storm is abating a little."

It was fortunate that two men so skilful as Eugene and Ronald had come on board, for the vessel had got into the race of waters that with swift current bear down from the North Channel on the iron rocks of Rathlin. What with the treacherous current, added to the storm of the night, and the heavy gale still blowing from the south, she was driving with blind speed towards the pitiless rocks.

An hour, or even half an hour would place her where human aid would be unavailing.

"There is no time to be lost here, Ronald," said Eugene, as they reached the deck and took in the surroundings.

"None," said the other emphatically.

"Shall we be able to wear her round?"

"We must try. Some of the sails are still good. Unless we can—and immediately—we shall never set foot on French or Irish soil again. We are among the breakers."

"We must wear her round. We cannot abandon her."

"You could not even if you would. No small boat would last a minute in this boiling surge."

"Very well, Ronald. Help me to tie this helm; the villains have let it sway loose. Stretch the mainsail while I run aloft and clew up the top yards. You had better stand at the helm, MacNevin, and see that it does not shift. Keep it hard a port. We may weather the terrible danger yet. But it will need all our efforts."

Whilst Ronald braced up the mainsail that had been fluttering about with every movement of the ship, Eugene mounted swiftly aloft, and spreading out some sails, and making them taut, clewed and fastened up others.

It was wonderfully quick action, but the hands at work were gifted with the skill derived from long experience; and precisely as a horse, galloping loose with trailing reins, finding himself caught and with a hard hand in command, goes steadily forward in a fixed direction, so in the space of a few minutes under the guidance of the two active hands at work, the ship ceased her tossing and tumbling, and plunged steadily forward over the waves that had so lately made her their sport. Nothing to MacNevin's unpractised eye showed more the marvellous power of men's hands and intelligence than the suddenness with which the huge ship obeyed their will, and, abandoning her former helplessness, sprang forward as if gifted with new life and energy.

But the danger was still imminent! Before the vessel's head could be brought around, what with the engulphing whirlpool and the driving wind, she was forced to make a curve that brought her perilously near to the iron rocks over which they could see the surf beating—the white foam in striking contrast with their black and jagged peaks. Eugene remained aloft to make the necessary changes of sail, occasionally motioning his directions to Ronald, who stood lower down; and the helmsman looking at the white faces and active forms of both ready to let go or clew up as the instant demanded, could see by their nervous movements that the danger was imminent and deadly.

After a time the ship curved round her head to the open sea, and leaving the black rocks to her left—so near that the rush of the surf over them came distinctly on their ears—headed like a panting steed forward. There was no tossing in the trough of the waves now, as, with sails taut to the hardness of sheet iron, she rode buoyantly over them.

Once safe, Eugene and MacNevin, leaving Ronald at the helm, proceeded downwards to where the captain lay. The stimulant had produced its effect, and the latter was not only sufficiently recovered to be able to recognize Frangois, but to speak.

The greeting between himself and Eugene was most cordial.

"Of all the places in the world the last I should expect to see you in—and the last of all circumstances. How did it come about? I am impatient to hear it," asked the latter.

"It is easily enough told," said the captain when his strength had sufficiently recovered. "The Thunderer when refitted was sent to cruise off the coast of Canada. I deserted at Quebec and came to Boston. There I met some Irishmen whom I knew years before—men who loved their old land, and were ready to make sacrifices for her. They raised funds—they were all of high position and opulence—to purchase this vessel, and to load her with firearms and ammunition for the cause of Ireland."

"With firearms and ammunition?"

"Yes, the hold is stored from keel to underdeck with them at present. But she carried something as good or better—large funds for the support of the Irish cause—for the army in the field."

The captain paused, partly with emotion and partly with regret.

"But what has happened—what means the terrible scene outside?" asked Eugene, impatient for an explanation.

"The gold was too much temptation for some of our crew. We shipped at Boston—for we found it difficult to get hands—part of the crew of an English shaver which had been seized there."

"And they attempted to rob you?"

"They did—more than attempted. They succeeded. Decoying the rest of the crew into the cabin with a false cry of fire, they fell upon them unexpectedly with cutlasses and pistol-shots until they overpowered them."

"That explains the sight outside?"

"That explains it," said the captain.

"And they bore off the gold?"

"Yes; they took all the treasure with them."

"I wonder that they did not kill you also."

"They intended worse; they left us to die, to bear all the agonies of knowing that the vessel was driving to destruction without power to alter or guide her course, and to die a living death, as we have been during the past eight and forty hours."

"Where did this take place?"

"At the entrance to the Channel."

"And you have been beating up the Channel in this manner all the time?"

"We have been pitching and tossing—driving hither and thither—in all the fury of last night's storm. And what a hurricane it was! It seemed to me before I grew unconscious, as if the spirits of all that ever were drowned at sea were whistling and shrieking in the rigging and on deck."

"It was the wind tearing through the ropes and sails."

"Perhaps it was; but the sounds were not like that. I should know the shrieking of the wind after twenty years at sea, but the cries and wails that were around us all night were not like that. Where are we now?"

"North of Antrim—off the north coast of Ireland."

"We must have been driven with great speed."

"The gale of last night was not likely to let a ship rest on the waters," said Eugene.

"That is true. Singular how we steered clear of the shore on either side, to reach thus far safely. Which puts me in mind to ask what brings you here—what good luck brought you on board?"

"The extraordinary chances of war. But I shall tell you again. We have other more pressing matters on hands."

"One word—how goes the insurrection in Ireland?"

"Over—over for our lifetime. Crushed out—drowned out in blood."

"And Tone?"

"A prisoner."

"And—the rest?"

"Dead—or in prison. Some on the gibbet, some in the jail. Don't ask me further about them. It is the cruellest story of brave hearts crushed and bright hopes disappointed that ever dimmed the page of history. The very fates seemed to fight against this hapless land."

"That is the end?"

"That is the end—in our time."

"I can hardly believe it," said the captain, lying back wearily and disappointedly. "A nation's life and liberties cannot be trampled out so summarily. A further effort will be made."

"I wish I could hope with you, but I cannot. We boys shall talk these matters over again. Meantime it is necessary something should be done with the ship. Where do you propose going?"

"Under the circumstances, now, I do not know."

"Then we had better sail for France."

"Are you going there?"

"Yes, I think so. At least some of us are."

"Then I suppose it is the best thing to do."

"We had better run up the American flag. The one flying is tattered to pieces. Have you another?"

"You will find one in the locker to the right," said the captain. "I shall be able to go about myself presently."

"There is no need until you grow stronger. But," said Eugene, as he stepped to the door and the sight outside presented itself again to his view, "it will be necessary to get rid of these bodies. They had better be hove overboard as soon as possible. Who were they?"

"Irish Americans. Poor fellows! it was not here, nor in that way, they expected to day."

"Coming over in the cause?"

"Aye; with high hopes, poor fellows, for Ireland and themselves."

"Well, they will never set foot on its shores now. But for their cause we shall give them fitting burial. It is not the first time I made the shroud for dead messmates—killed in gallant action, however, and not by an assassin's cutlass. Have you got canvas?"

"You will find all the necessary matters in the locker."

The sun was high in the sky, brightening the troubled surface of the sea with a flood of glorious light, and the three master, with all the sails they could muster set, was bearing gallantly down the Channel over the course where she had been tossed and tumbled by the hurricane, when, over the side, shrouded in canvas, a cannon ball sewn in at the feet, the bodies of the dead men were committed to the deep!

It was a sad sight.

The senseless forms, rendered more gloomy from being completely shrouded, let down feet foremost, with tender and reverent hands, sank swiftly out of sight—the weight of iron attached bringing them down. It was weird to see them disappear in the dark waters for evermore from the sunlight overhead.

Where they had been born, on what Irish hillside or valley their cradles had been rocked, why they had left Ireland, and what their varying fortunes had been in the far off land, were things wholly unknown. Possibly eyes wept and hearts mourned for their absence; but even of this no one knew. They had come hoping to strike a blow for the freedom of the land that bore them; they had come, as the captain said, with high hopes; but the end was thus.

Till the day when the sea gives up its dead, and the history of each one is written in words of fire that all gathered mankind shall read, their names and the story of their lives were blotted out with the waters that closed over them as they sank swiftly out of sight!

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Although Ireland was always famous for sanctity and music, and could spare liberally of both, yet our countrymen ever felt indignant at the unacknowledged appropriation of many of their favorite saints and airs by their northern relatives. Now and then some dauntless hagiographer ventured to vindicate, and succeeded in restoring a few purloined ascetics; but, until lately, the Irish had other things, more material than music to defend; and it was not until Mr. Bunting appeared, that any effectual effort was made to rescue our national melodies from Scotland, and oblivion. The Irish origin of Scotch music has been admitted by the best informed writers on the subject. Mr. Ritson, however, merely thinks it "by no means improbable." Thompson, the correspondent and friend of Robert Burns, in the preface to his "Select Melodies of Scotland," says "Some airs are claimed by both countries, but, by means of harpers, or pipers, who used to wander through the two, particular airs might become so common to both, as to make it questionable, which of the countries gave them birth." The inspired bard himself, in a letter to Thompson, in 1793, mentions the wandering minstrels, harpers, and pipers, who used to go frequently errant through the wilds, both of Scotland and Ireland, and so some favorite airs might be common to both." Thus far only are the modern writers of Scotland inclined to admit.

Among the many wandering minstrels to whom Scotland is acknowledged to be indebted for the importation of Irish music, may be enumerated, in modern times, O'Kane, the "famous Irish harper," as he has been termed by Boswell, in his "Journal of a Tour Through the Hebrides," and Laurence, brother of Thos. O'Conellan, a celebrated Irish composer. The latter was born at Cloonamahon in the county of Sligo, early in the seventeenth century, and died at Loughgur in the county of Limerick some time previous to the year 1700. After his death, his brother Laurence went to Scotland, bringing with him several of the deceased bard's compositions. Of these, two, from their celebrity, deserve particular notice, viz: "Fauxty Davis," since well known as the "Battle of Killiecranky," and a prelude to the "breach" of Augrim, universally admired under the name of "Farewell to Lochaber." According to tradition, O'Conellan composed upwards of seven hundred airs, which he played on the harp; but of these comparatively few have been preserved. His character, as a performer, may be ascertained from the following little ode, said to have been addressed to him by a contemporary bard, whose name has not survived.

Old De'n T-saoi Ceindealbhan.

A Sioghaidhe, rug fior-ghnaoidh
Na Fódla air fad,
A's fuair aoin-t-sligh fior-chroidhe
Na g-ceól amach,
Is diomhaóin Sfanaidhe
Na h-Eórpa thart,
D' éis chimchide mhaordhaidhe
Do mheór lag, m-bras.

Ní'l miaun-chroidhe ag rioghraidhe
Na h-Eórpa air fad,
Nach mi-ghlaidhear le maoth-serfb
Do mheór go prab,
Do chlaochlóidís re faóthfomh,
Re geóin do ghlac,
A Shioghaidhe, rinne sioghbhruighe
Na Fódla shiad.

A chaoin-tí, ro maothuighear
Chum deór gach deare,
A's le bh-faoisigheann cli-phian
Gach breódh-choirp lag;
Ní'l aon t-saoi nach cluan dibh,
'S an n-órd air fad,
A lionaidhe, re d' shioghaidheacht
Bhaineas ceól de sgairt.

[*Translation by John D'Alton, Esq.*]

Ode to O'Connellan, the [illegible] trel.

Spirit of Minstrelsy!
Supreme o'er Erin's bard[illegible]y sway,
To thee the silvery sounds [illegible]
The thrilling sympathies of [illegible]
The warblings of an angel [illegible]
That Europe's minstrels wh[illegible]r,
O'erpowered—enchanted—[illegible]y—
And yield the palm to t[illegible]

In vain do mighty kings
Invite the world to hardie feats;
To try the mastery of thy art,
To fire the soul or melt the heart;
Immortal one! thy glowing hand
The wilder music of the land
Hath silenced.—Echo but repeats
The magic of thy strings.

And they, the gentle ones,
The fairy spirits of the hill,
That used to breathe so softly round
Our midnight dreams—ecstatic sound!
Are silent all; for only thou
Canst wring the tear, or smooth the brow,
And charm the heart's pulse with the skill
Of more than mortal notes!

—*Tuam News.*

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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IN MEMORY OF HEROES.

The Graves of Soldiers Strewn with Flowers.

THE PRESIDENT AT PHILADELPHIA.

Memorial Services at Laurel Hill Cemetery—A Monument to the Andrews Raiders Dedicated at Chattanooga—Observance of the Day in Other Cities of the Country in Memory of the Fallen Heroes.

PHILADELPHIA, June 1. — Decoration Day was generally observed in this city. The banks and all public and nearly all private places of business were closed. The most important part of the day's programme in Philadelphia was the visit of President Harrison with members of his cabinet. They were the guests of George G. Meade post No. 1, G. A. R. President Harrison made the visit pursuant to a promise made some months ago. The president's party arrived about 11:20 o'clock by the Baltimore and Ohio road. They were met at the station at Twenty-fourth and Chestnut streets by Commander Langer and other officers of Meade post with a delegation of the memorial day committee. Carriages were taken and the party escorted down Chestnut street to Independence hall by the First City troop. Here Mayor Stuart, surrounded by members of councils and prominent citizens, formally welcomed the president.

At Laurel Hill Cemetery.

At 12 o'clock the hall was opened to the public, and from that hour until 1 o'clock, an informal reception was given to the president and members of the cabinet. At 1 o'clock the president, mayor, and party entered carriages, and escorted by the City troop, Meade post, the First Regiment Veteran corps and Company G, First regiment, with the Sixteenth Regiment band, proceeded to the Reading Railroad station at Broad and Callowhill streets, where a special train was taken for Laurel Hill cemetery. The memorial orations at the cemetery were delivered by Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook and Rev. Dr. Francis L. Wayland. Gen. G. Meade's grave was especially honored by volleys from a battery and small arm.

Wore the Grand Army Badge.

After honoring the dead the president and his party proceeded to the Union League where they were received by the president of the club, ex-Mayor Fitler, and the guest committee. Dinner was served at 4 o'clock, and a reception to the members of the league and the members of Meade post by invitation was held from 5:30 to 6:30 o'clock. At 7 o'clock the president and party were taken in charge by the guest committee, who escorted them to the Baltimore and Ohio station, where they took the train for Washington. During his stay here the president wore the veteran badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, the same as worn by ex-privates of the Union army, who are now members of the order.

In Memory of the Andrews Raiders.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., June 1.—A large crowd was present here Saturday on the occasion of the dedeeation of the monument erected by the state of Ohio to the memory of the Andrews raiders. All the railroads centering in the city had granted special rates for the occasion and as a result large numbers of Grand Army men and others flocked to the spot. An elaborate programme was carried out, and ex-Governor Foraker delivered an eloquent oration. Amongst those who occupied positions of honor around the monument were the surviving descendents of the eight raiders, some of whom live in Onio; others in Kentucky, and others in Kansas, Arkansas, California, Nebraska, Iowa and Oklahoma. Quite a number of members of the Second, Twenty-first and Thirty-third Ohio regiments of infantry to which the raiders belonged, were among the participants.

IN OTHER CITIES.

Impressive Services Held at Gen. Grant's Tomb—At Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, June 1.—Decoration Day dawned gloomily with an overcast sky and a drizzling rain. At 8 o'clock the rain ceased but the clouds remained and the streets were wet and muddy. Despite the unfavorable weather the veterans turned out en masse for the great parade, the sidewalks were thronged with spectators of the procession, and with people hurrying to the various places where athletic sports could be witnessed. Business was entirely suspended. One of the points of interest to the people was Gen. Grant's tomb in Riverside park, and a large number went there to witness the very impressive ceremonies.

The Parade Review.

Every military organization of any standing participated in the parade and ceremonies in this city. The column was swelled by a contingent of regulars and marines from the United States warships and marine barracks. There were no regular regimental bands in line, owing to the demand on the part of the Musical union for an increase from $6 to $8 per day for the services of each musician. The demand was refused and only drums and fifes employed. The G. A. R. posts, however, engaged many bands at the figures demanded. The parade was reviewed at the Central park plaza by Mayor Grant and other prominent officials. After the parade was dismissed the U. S. Grant post proceeded to Riverside park and held impressive ceremonies at the tomb where Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, delivered an eloquent oration.

The Day at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 1.—Decoration Day opened in this city with threatening clouds, and for a while it seemed that the day might be celebrated under dismal circumstances. But later the sun burst forth in all his glory and the weather was all that could be desired. Early in the day long processions of veterans and sons of veterans, bands of music and various organizations began to parade the streets. Flower-laden women and children hastened to the depots and by 9:30 o'clock the various delegations to the different cemeteries were on their way to their several destinations The outgoing trains were filled to overflowing, and it was evident that the observance of Decoration Day was to be very general. The principal exercises of the day were, of course, at Rose Hill cemetery, where a long and elaborate programme of song and speaking was presented. At Oakwoods a less formal observance of the day occurred. Graceland, Calvary and the other burial places the graves of the dead heroes were not forgotten. The event of the day was the parade in the afternoon.

St. Louis Remembers Gen. Sherman.

ST. LOUIS, June 1.—The weather Saturday was all that could be desired and the Decoration Day exercises were held beneath the fairest of skies. In accordance with a proclamation issued by Mayor Noonan all the public and municipal buildings and many private business houses were closed at noon. The feature of the day was a grand street parade of the various Grand Army posts and Sons of Veterans' camps of this city and East St. Louis. After parading the principal down-town streets the parade disbanded and detachments visited the different cemetries and distributed flowers over the graves of the dead. Ransom post, G. A. R., held a memorial service in the exposition building, the meeting being especially a tribute to the memory of the late Gen. W. T. Sherman.

Observance at the Nation's Capital.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 1.—Decoration Day opened in Washington with a clear sky and warm sunshine. The exercises began at Arlington with a dirge by the Marine band at the tomb of the unknown dead, after which the procession formed and visited the thousands of graves, and then returned to the amphitheatre, where Representative Atkinson, of West Virginia, delivered the oration of the day. He was followed by other speakers and musical selections by the bands. The finest decorations were those about the great tomb of the unknown, and that of Gen. Sheridan and other prominent officers buried at Arlington. The other cemeteries were also visited and appropriate exercises held at each.

Decorated Fallen Comrades' Graves.

BOSTON, June 1.—Decoration Day was generally observed here. Business was entirely suspended. The various G. A. R. posts after holding services in the churches and halls proceeded to decorate the graves of their fallen comrades. There were many athletic events in the city and suburbs and the Eastern Yacht club opened the season with a handicap race off Marble Head.

TOUR OF INSPECTION.

Mr. and Mrs. Ballington Booth to Travel Through This Country.

NEW YORK, May 29.—Ballington Booth, the son of Gen. Booth, is expected here from England soon, when he and Mrs. Booth will start on a thousand-mile trip through this country in order to inspect the various branches of the Salvation Army. Mrs. Booth says that the work of building factories in England in which the unemployed can find work is progressing bravely. The army has already established match and brush factories. She said that a Scotch lady named Mrs. Bell had bequeathed to the army $350,000, and with this fund there will be established here and in Englannd "prison gate homes" near jails and prisons, for the shelter and welfare of discharged convicts.

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH

Men and Women Without Shelter.

Mrs. Booth said that a number of the ladies connected with the army are living in the "Five Points." "Their homes," she said, "consist of a single uncarpeted room. They circulate among the very poor and show them the persons who are trying to save their souls are willing to wash and scrub. We visit the slums every night. In our journey through the slums we meet many men and women who are without shelter and who are compelled to remain in the streets suffering from hunger. This condition of things we are striving to remedy."

WRECKS ON THE RAIL.

Two Very Serious Ones Occur on the Illinois Central.

DUQUOIN, Ills., May 29.—Two very costly and serious wrecks occurred on the Illinois Central, north of here, late Thursday night. The fast mail train No. 42 ran into an open switch near Champaign, derailing engine, mail and express car. Agent Kirkpatrick, of Anna, Ills., on his way to Chicago, was badly injured, and twenty of the passengers slightly.

Work of Train Wreckers.

The other wreck was near Centralia, and was one of the most diabolical and successful attempts at train wrecking known of in Illinois. Train No. 4 struck the misplaced rails and was terribly wrecked. The accident occurred within three miles of the division headquarters of the road. Pat Quirk was caught under his engine and instantly killed; Fireman Todd, badly scalded and will die; Mail Clerk Fike, badly shaken up, and several passengers badly hurt.

NOT WITH THE THIRD PARTY.

Action of the Ohio Farmers' Union in Convention at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, May 28.—The State Farmers' union remained in session until late Wednesday night in an endeavor to decide upon independent political action. When the delegates first arrived there was an unmistakable majority sentiment in favor of cutting loose from the old parties, but this gradually melted away in the face of the arguments of the more conservative men among the leaders. About 200 delegates were present representing a large constitutency, comprising every farmers' organization in the state. After a day's debate, a declaration of principles was adopted, which calls for a circulation of $50 per capita and advocates prohibition. It calls upon all in favor of the platform to vote against any one who is not squarely thereon. The 2 per cent. loan scheme was rejected, and by one vote a resolution to join the third party was defeated.

Put a Bullet Into Her Nephew.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 1. While Mrs. Ellen Clancy, a reputable woman, was being ejected from the boarding house of Mrs. Mary O'Hara by her nephew, James Tingle, she shot him at close range. The ball, however, being but a 22-caliber, inflicted a serious wound above the heart which will probably not prove fatal. Mrs. Clancy was arrested.

Jackson Challenges Corbett.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 1—Peter Jackson has issued a challenge to Jim Corbett offering to fight him in the California club, or any fair club, New Orleans barred, for a purse of $10,000. Jackson will put up a forfeit as a guarantee of his good faith.

THEY DIED FOR LOVE.

A Young Couple Take a Heavy Dose of Strychnine.

TERRIBLE TRAGEDY AT GALENA, ILL.

The Social Chasm Between a Young Lady and Her Lover Leads to a Double Suicide—The Young Man Was Respectable, His Habits Irreproachable, but He Had to Live by the Sweat of His Brow.

GALENA, Ills., June 2.—Locked in each other's embrace, one dying and the other dead, Miss Ada Townsend, a beautiful young lady, and her lover, Elmer Foster, were found in the girl's room Tuesday morning. They had taken strychnine, and so well had the poison done its work that the young man was cold in death and his betrothed was in the last throes of dissolution when they were discovered. Miss Townsend was about 19 years old and was a daughter of ex-Assemblyman C. A. Townsend, the wealthiest citizen of Rush township and a man prominent throughout this region. She was possessed of rare beauty, had a happy home, and enjoyed all the accomplishments that wealth could give. Her lover was a farm laborer employed by a neighbor of the Foster family. He was a stalwart fellow of 23, and had been paying attention to Miss Townsend for a year or more. The girl's family at first objected to him, but finding her firm in her attachment they withdrew their restraint and for months young Foster had free access to the house, and it was understood the lovers were soon to be married.

Could Not Save the Girl.

Monday evening the couple drove to the village of Stockton, where they attended a social gathering and both seemed in the best of spirits. They returned late and repaired to the young lady's room. At the usual hour in the morning Ada was called for breakfast. As no response was forthcoming her mother burst into the room and was horrified to find her daughter writhing in agony upon the floor, while the lifeless form of young Foster lay upon the bed. With their arms entwined they had lain down to die after taking the deadly potion, but the girl in her agony had fallen to the floor. Medical aid was summoned, but the young lady was dead within an hour after the discovery of the deed. She was conscious when found and answered questions, but refused to give any explanation of the act. She merely said that they wished to die together, and inquired if her betrothed were still alive. The attendants evaded answering the question, but she said she knew he was dead, and that he was waiting for her to come. With her last breath she pronounced his name.

Mystery About the Case.

Owing to the social chasm between her and her lover the supposition was that her parents had forbidden their union and that this incited the resolve to die together. This theory, however, was set aside by the firm declaration of the parents that they interposed no obstacles after being convinced that the young couple were firm in their attachment. This declaration on their part shrouds the deed in deepest mystery. That it had been long contemplated was affirmed by the girl as she lay dying. She told her parents that she had the strychnine in her possession for weeks, intending to use it to kill herself, but nothing could urge her to tell the reason, and the secret of the suicides died with them. Ada Townsend was the belle of the county and the idol of her home, and the feeling with which the people of the neighborhood learned of the tragedy amounted to awe. Young Foster belonged to a respectable family, but was obliged to work for himself. He was a stalwart young man, and is said to have been irreproachable in his habits. Both were of cheerful disposition and of practical minds. What impelled them to the terrible deed of self-destruction is a mystery that will probably remain unsolved forever.

Bardsley Much Better.

PHILADELPHIA, June 2.—Ex-City Treasurer Bardsley has steadily improved in his physical condition since his confinement in Moyamensing. prison Tuesday morning he was so much better that he spent much of his time in pacing up and down his cell in the hospital ward. Dr. Butcher, the prison physician, who has Mr. Bardsley in charge, says that the prisoner is fast increasing in strength, but refuses to discuss his mental condition. When asked if he had noticed any symptoms of mental trouble, Dr. Butcher declined to exoress an opinion either way, saying that it was a qustion which would very likely come before the courts.

Horrible Treatment of a Woman.

COVINGTON, Ky., June 2.—Miss Mollie Ashcroft returned to her home Sunday after an absence of several days and found her mother chained to the floor and unable to move a limb. She was covered with blood and almost unconscious. Her head had been beaten, her face was bruised and in her struggles the chains had cut into her flesh. It was learned that the horrible brutalities had been the work of Mrs. Ashcroft's husband, who quarreled with his wife about money. The woman had been four days without food or attention when found, and will probably die.

Tragedy at a Corner-Stone Laying.

ST. LOUIS, June 2.—During the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of St. Englebrit's Catholic church Joseph Stodgart shot and fatally wounded Aloise Steiner, who had been deputed to preserve order in the assemblage. Many of the 20,000 people present shouted "Lynch him!" A rope was procured, and but for the timely appearance of the police Stodgart would doubtless have been strung up.

Presbyterian Decree.

DETROIT, Mich., June 2--It was decreed by the general assembly Monday afternoon that good Presbyterians should not play cards, dance, or attend the theater or opera. For a number of years the assembly has refrained from expressing itself on the matter of worldly amusements, but this year some definite action was demanded, and a committee was appointed to consider the case.

Prince in the Witness Box.

LONDON, June 2.—At the conclusion of the testimony of Sir William Gordon-Cumming in the baccarat case Tuesday, the Prince of Wales was called to the witness box. He testified that at the time of the alleged cheating he saw nothing out of the way until Lord Coventry informed him that something wrong was suspected.

TROUBLE IN THE CHURCH.

A New York Minister Insists on Holding Service.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., June 2.—The Baptist church at Madalin was opened Monday for the first time in four or five weeks. It had been closed under peculiar circumstances. The Rev. J. H. Boyce had been dismissed by the trustees, but he declared that the dismissal was illegal and insisted on holding service. Upon attempting to conduct religious exercises, as customary, on a Sunday about a month ago, the Bible was knocked from his hand, he was dragged from his pulpit amid the greatest excitement, and the house of worship was locked against him. The doors were unbarred Sunday morning and a new minister, the Rev. Mr. Wood, preached. The evicted pastor occupied a seat in the body of the house and quietly heard the sermon.

Were Expecting Trouble.

It became noised about during the afternoon that the Rev. Mr. Boyce would undertake to assert in the evening what he considered his rights. The congregation at night was very large, and a crowd of people was gathered on the outside. The Rev. Mr. Wood occupied the pulpit, and some of the determined trustees stood in the main aisles to obstruct Dr. Boyce's passage to it. Mr. Boyce appeared and the trustees sent for an officer. Seeing that the aisle was blocked Mr. Boyce entered the fourth or fifth pew from the pulpit. That movement threw the trustees off their guard. Waiting until the trustees had their heads turned the Rev. Mr. Boyce made a rush for the pulpit. He is an athlete and leaped over the pews in front of him with remarkable agility. Reaching the desk he stood by the side of the Rev. Mr. Wood, gave out a hymn, and started it himself.

No Authority to Arrest Him.

The trustees were dumfounded, and before they could recover from their astonishment Mr. Wood interrupted Mr. Boyce with a prayer.

Trustee Worthington looked toward the officer and exclaimed, as he pointed to Boyce: "Arrest that man."

The officer replied: "I have no authority to arrest him; he is civil. I can't arrest him without the necessary papers."

Trustee Peter Martin approached the officer and said: "Go up there and arrest that man."

"I don't see on what grounds I can," replied the officer.

At this juncture Trustee Worthington ascended the pulpit and ordered all in the church to go out. The congregation at once left, and both of the preachers followed.

"Don't You Hit Me."

Trustee Worthington presently closed the church gate. Near him stood Mr. Boyce. Worthington glowered at Boyce and raised his hand once or twice menacingly. "You can raise your hand as much as you please," shouted Boyce to him, "but don't you hit me." Again Worthington raised his hand and then the officer warned him to move on, which he did. That ended the trouble at the church for that evening. In the morning the Rev. Mr. Boyce was arrested on complaint of two of the trustees, charged with disturbing a religious meeting.

To Increase the Capital Stock.

NEW YORK, June 2.—At a meeting of the directors of the Louisville and Nashville railroad Tuesday it was decided to call a special meeting for July 6 to authorize the increase of the capital stock to $55,000,000. The present capital is $48,000,000. The announced object of the increase is to acquire and provide means to pay for the fee of the Kentucky Central railroad cancelling its present existing stock of which the Louisville and Nashville is now a very large shareholdar, and to provide means for the intended purchase of the Louisville and Nashville proportions of a proposed increase of the capital stock of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis road of which the Louisville and Nashville is a very large holder.

No Truth in the Story.

NEW YORK, June 2.—"There is not a scintilla of truth in the dispatch about the absorption of the Mobile and Ohio by the Mackey system," said William Butler Duncan, chairman of the board of directors of the Mobile and Ohio, when seen at his residence, 1 Fifth avenue. "Mr. Mackey has never negotiated for the Mobile and Ohio and there is absolutely no more truth in this than there has been in other and similar rumors which have been at various times circulated similar in purport. The Mobile and Ohio is not for sale, and if it was $21,000,000 would be nearer the figures than $3,500,000. The thing is ridiculous."

Suicide of a Texas Lady.

CHICAGO, June 2.—Mrs. Grace Potter, the wife of George T. Potter, one of the wealthiest and most prominent men of Fort Worth, Tex., committed suicide Monday morning at the Lincoln Park sanitarium by tarowing herself from a four-story window. Mrs. Potter and her husband arrived in this city four weeks ago and the lady was taken to the sanitarium for treatment. She underwent a painful operation, and since then had been recovering. Her sufferings have been extreme, and the long strain upon her nerves at last caused her to commit the fatal deed.

Had a Hole in His Brain.

YOUNGSTOWN, Ohio, June 2.—Surgeons held a post-mortem examination Monday on Frank Zeeville, aged 20, who was killed by a train, and found a large hole in the right lobe of the brain in which two fingers could be inserted and extending through and into the left lobe. It was a congenital malformation, not the result of accident. Surgeons say no similar case has ever been reported.

Killed His Wife with a Pickax.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., June 2.—John Burnett, a negro, who recently came here from Chicago went home Monday morning about 2 o'clock very much intoxicated. His wife remonstrated with him for being so, whereupon he seized a pickax and struck her several blows on the head. She died an hour after. Burnett is still at large.

Run on Buenos Ayres Banks.

BUENOS AYRES, June 2.—Owing to the general feeling of distrust in regard to the financial situation, there was a run on all the banks Tuesday morning. Large crowds of depositors surrounded the various institutions, and considerable excitement prevailed. The outlook is very unfavorable.

Mrs. Harrison Goes to New York.

WASHINGTON CITY, June 2.—Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Dimmick, Mrs. McKee, and Mr. and Mrs. Russell Harrison left for New York Monday. Mrs. McKee and Mrs. Russell Harrison sail for Europe on Wednesday.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

It costs 1¼ cents per pound to bring tea from Yokohama to New York, 7,500 miles, and 10 cents a pound to send tea by express one mile uptown in that city.

Hagle's bill prohibiting hogs from runing at large unless they have rings in their noses was passed by the Illinois senate.

Twenty-one Italian immigrants who arrived at New York on board the steamer Massalia were debarred from landing, on the ground that they were ex-convicts.

The Michigan house passed a bill submitting to the people the question of calling a convention to revise the state constitution.

New York's Sherman monument fund is $54,046.

Mrs. Eunice Hassaurek, widow of Col. Hassaurek, minister to one of the South American republics during Lincoln's administration, was burned to death by the explosion of a lamp at San Madera, Cal.

Fire destroyed the lumber yards of the Kentucky River Lumber company at Beattyville, Ky., causing a loss of $60,000, on which there was $48,000 insurance.

Mortemer, a famous race horse in his day, was shot Wednesday to end his sufferings. He was 26 years old.

One of the sights at Dexter, Me., the other day was a pair of Salvationists on the roof of a three-story building preaching and throwing down tracts to the crowd in the street below.

The youngest litigant on record is Richard Jones, of St. Louis, 6 months old, who is suing a railroad for $5,000 damages for the death of his father, who was killed in a wreck.

Orange growing is not all fun for California farmers. Two carloads of the fruit lately became overheated and spoiled while passing through the desert of Arizona.

Professor Koch is preparing a statement for publication as to the results of the chemical analysis of the substance contained in tuberculin, Professor Koch's remedy.

Locusts are devastating Algeria. A caravan from Morocco passed through swarms of them for thirty-two days.

Thirty thousand people attended the opening ceremonies of the Gould bridge across the Arkansas river at Fort Smith.

Gen. B. B. Eggleston, who had a brilliant war record, died Wednesday at Wichita, Kan., aged 73.

Near Belton, Tex., Monroe Shephard, colored, was summoned to his door by a party of men and riddled with bullets.

Governor Eagle, of Arkansas, has issued a proclamation calling a state World's fair convention to meet in St. Louis Aug. 5.

Of Uncle Sam's 14,500,000 cotton spindles, 4,500,000 are in Massachusetts.

At Frankfort, Ky., Wednesday, a monument to the late Governor Luke P. Blackburn was unveiled. It was erected by a state appropriation.

The United States steamer Charleston, in port at Callao, reports having not seen the Itata. The chase will he resumed.

At Chatsworth, Ill., the wife and two sons of Edward O'Brien were thrown from a wagon. Tommy, aged 6, was fatally hurt, and Jimmie, aged 8, had his right ankle broken. The mother was not injured.

The populace of Misterbianco, a town in Sicily, revolted against a local tax, and the troops had to be called out before the mob was dispersed.

A dispatch from Rome states that the red hat will not be conferred upon Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, on the occasion of his golden jubilee, Nov. 30 next.

The general synod of the Reform Presbyterian church in session at Pittsburg, Pa., adopted resolutions declaring the actions of the ministers who voted at an election a "heinous sin and scandal."

Near Madison, Wis., a farmer named Ludwig was struck by a train and killed, members of his family who were riding with him being seriously injured.

Mr. Gladstone will go to the seaside next week for a change of air.

Evelyn Leal has been sentenced in Paris to six months' imprisonment. She engaged in a swindling marriage scheme to secure valuable presents from her victims, and to gain her ends the adventuress was married to a host of men.

Stephen Packet, a coal miner, was cut in two by the Illinois Central limited train at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Letus Brown, a deputy sheriff living at Scotland, S. D., took oxalic acid for epsom salts and died in fifteen minutes.

A man was arrested at Castalia, Iowa, for passing counterfeit silver dollars of 1882, 1885, and 1887. He was held to the grand jury.

Gen. J. S. Clarkson writes from Europe that the work of the National League of Republican clubs will bring him back earlier than he expected. He will return in July.

Nelson Moffat, 60 years old, and Sam Puelling, colored, were hanged Thursday, the former at Lexington, Miss., and the latter at Guthbert, Ga.

The funeral of Congressman Houk was the largest ever seen at Knoxville, Tenn.

Pennsylvania's appropriation for an exhibit at the fair is $300,000.

Gen. Felix Agnus, editor of The Baltimore American, warns New York politicians that Gorman will come up to the national convention with a southern backing that will surprise the Empire state.

Typhoid fever has broken out violently in the English Mediterranean squadron. Forty of the crew of the Colossus are already down with it.

Gardinal Gibbons is reported quite sick at Bryantown, Md.

The funeral of Judge Alphonso Taft occurred Thursday at Cincinnati. The interment took place at Mt. Auburm cemetery.

The recognition by Bolivia of the Iquique junta as beligerents was formally proclaimed Friday.

Illinois coal operators of the Springfield district have decided to pay their men by the day hereafter, instead of by the ton. Their decision was the result of the gross-weight bill now pending in the Illinois legislature.

A Canadian Pacific freight train went through a trestle at Revelstoke, N. W. T., Thursday. One trainman was killed and three injured.

In a runaway accident at May View, Ills., Mrs. Frank Davis was fatally hurt. Mrs. Robert Stookey and Mrs. Aaron Albertson were also injured.

Mrs. Joseph Marion, of Keokuk, Iowa, charged with the murder of her husband, has been acquitted.

Governor Mellette, of South Dakota, refuses to call a special session of the legislature to appropriate money for a state exhibit at the World's fair, as recommended by the commission, unless means can be devised whereby the state will be under no expense whatever as a result of the extra session.

Mr. Gladstone is obliged to stay at Hawarden for another fortnight, his recent illness having left traces in his lungs and a bad cough.

The people of the state of Maine have started a subscription to purchase a full silver service on special occasions of ceremony on the armored cruiser Maine when that vessel is finished and put in commission.

J. N. Hall, alias J. M. Stanley, was arrested at Denver, Colo., Friday, on a charge of forgery. He had on his person fictitious telegrams from President Harrison, Secretary Blaine, Gen. Alger, and others.

Both houses of the Illinois legislature have adjourned until next Tuesday.

The measure known as the anti-truck bill, making it unlawful for any person, company, corporation, or association to engage in or be interested in the keeping of a truck store, was signed by Governor Fifer.

Dave Seville, convicted at Athens, Ohio, of prize-fighting, was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. He will be tried at the next term for killing Arthur Majesty in a fight for a purse.

William F. Kime, of Westboro, Mo., who had recently been speculating in grain, and disappeared from home about three weeks ago, was found in the street in St. Louis partially demented.

Surgeon General John B. Hamilton has resigned from the marine hospital service, to accept a professorship in Rush Medical college, Chicago.

Fire at New Orleans Friday destroyed twenty small houses and a saw-mill. The loss is estimated at $40,000.

A Florida woman was nearly poisoned to death recently by accidentally inhaling flea powder which she was scattering about a room.

A Georgia man in splitting wood one day found a hickory nut firmly imbeded in the heart of the timber. How it came there is a mystery.

Dr. Hinckle, of Ameracus, Ga., has a piece of chinaware 782 years old. The date, 1109, is plainly stamped on the bottom, and its only flaw is a broken handle.

Within three days forty sponge vessels arrived at Key West with large catches of fine sponges, but there was not a buyer in the market. Their cargoes were valued at $80,000.

Mr. T. P. Sullivan, the manager of the American football team which is going to England next season, has been exceedingly well received in London. He is already busy making the necessary arrangements for the matches his team will play, the visit of which is already causing no small excitement in football circles.

The new postal cards will be along soon. There will be a size for ladies' use, and one for business men, the former smaller and the latter larger than the card now in vogue. Grant's portrait constitutes the stamp.

Gold has advanced at Buenos Ayres to 321 per cent. premium. Many failures are expected.

Mrs. Logan has sold her interest in the Gen. Logan farm of 300 acres adjoining Murphysboro for $25,000 to T. M. Logan and J. Clark. The tract is to be opened for building purposes, as the young city is spreading rapidly.

The property left by Sir Richard Sutton, who raced the Genesta for the American cup, is over $35,000,000. The heir to the estate is a posthumous child only just born.

The Hughes Lumber company, of Chattanooga, Tenn., which failed last December for $300,000, is about to resume operations, having paid 100 cents on the dollar.

Herman E. Taubeneck, chairman of the executive committee of the People's party, has called a meeting at St. Louis June 13, to consider the question of putting a state ticket in the field in Kentucky this year.

Sherman Gatton, a mail clerk, living at Chicago Junction, Ohio, was brought to Cleveland Sunday morning from Cincinnati by a deputy United States marshal and locked up in the county jail charged with robbing the mails.

White-Caps at Cheraw, S. C., Saturday night took a white man named Taylor and a negro woman he was living with from their bed and, after giving them an unmerciful thrashing, warned them to leave the town.

Narrow Escape from Cremation.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., June 1.—Fire broke out in the Buckingham theatre, on College street, near Public square, this city, at midnight last night. A number of actresses who were sleeping in the building had narrow escapes. Three of them and a child were rescued from the cornice of the fourth story by firemen. Only one person was injured—a negro, who jumped from the third story and broke his leg.

Located in Seattle.

ST. LOUIS, June 1.—Page McPherson, the absconding St. Louis broker who represented McCormick & Co., of Chicago, in St. Louis, has been located in Seattle. A St. Louis man ran against him two days ago and promptly notified him family here. A warrant has been issued against McPherson by the St. Louis mining exchange, of which he was treasurer, but it is probably that the prosecution will not be pushed.

The Latest Encyclical.

LONDON, June 1.—The official English translation of the pope's encyclical on social questions has been issued by Cardinal Manning. The Times says of the document: "It is doubtful whether the questions are handled with success. Yet it abounds in remarks that deserve attention, and it breathes throughout a spirit of Christian charity."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Augustin Daly's Company.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Blue Jeans."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad; or the Maid of Balsora."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—James T. Powers, "A Straight Tip."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—Walter Hubbell.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Wages of Sin."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Only a Farmer's Daugh'er."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"An Irishman's Love."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"SOPHOMORE," City—The name Itata is pronounced as if written *ee-tah-tah*. The Chilian vessel is named after a South American river.

"IDAHO," Trinidad, N. M.—There is no remedy for your friend but to surrender himself to the proper authorities, and appeal to their clemency. The law, or regulation, in question does not cover his case.

"CATHOLIC PRIEST," City—You have been misinformed. Both Mr. Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea are Protestants and never were anything else. Capt. O'Shea is, we are informed, a Catholic.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE CHIEF OF POLICE ACTS.

Nothing does the public so much good as a little healthy agitation. THE CITIZEN, as well as the daily papers of the city, has repeatedly called the attention of the authorities to the dangerously unclean condition of the streets, alleys and vacant lots in all parts of the city, but particularly in the south division, where the garbage demon has planted himself with an evident determination to stick and stink. There are alleys in the Fourth ward that have not been cleaned out for six weeks at least, and the vacant lots in and around that region are horrible sights to behold. After a rain fall, when the sun comes out hot, the odors that arise from the manure heaps and swill barrels are enough to make the strongest kind of a stomach sick. Piles of horse dung are regularly swept from the roadways of the boulevards, and heaped rank and nigh on the vacant spaces immediately adjoining them. American writers have often, and very justly, condemned the filth too often displayed in the rural districts of Europe, but no such district, in Europe or elsewhere, can possibly be dirtier than is the metropolitan city of Chicago today.

The people may well be thankful that a free and vigilant press exists to look after their interests. No money that the city may spend can be laid out more profitably than that appropriated for the cleaning of our streets, alleys and vacant lots. Chief of Police McClaughery, on Wednesday, issued to his department imperative orders which direct the arrest of any or all persons who may dump manure, garbage, etc., upon the streets, alleys and vacant lots, and the arrest of all shopkeepers, merchants or other persons who sweep or throw loose paper, straw, dirt, decayed fruit or other noxious and objectionable debris into the streets or alleys. In the order issued attention is directed to the fact that all the offences named are finable, and in conclusion the superintendent of police announces: "Commanding officers must not consider that their duties are performed when these orders are read to their men. On the contrary, their business is to see to it that the orders and ordinances are strictly enforced. Failure on the part of any commanding officer to have carried into effect the instructions and orders issued, will be regarded as evidence of incompetency."

It is to be hoped that Colonel McClaughery's order may have the desired effect, but THE CITIZEN further directs the Colonel's attention to the fact that the vacant lots in many large centers of population are freely used as "commons" for the cheap grazing of horses and cows. Not even a fence, in many places, protects the children from the hoofs or horns of the brutes. They often graze on the edges of the sidewalk, to the manifest danger of all who pass within reach of their heads or heels. Every owner of property in the city should be compelled by law to fence his vacant lots. In this way cheap grazing could be obtained just as well, but lives of innocent persons would not be endangered by the disgraceful practice of grazing horses and cows in residence neighborhoods.

PARNELL'S GRIM HUMOR.

Mr. Parnell is developing an extraordinary amount of grim humor in his present Irish campaign. He spoke in Mullingar Sunday week and was most enthusiastically received. In the course of his remarks he said:

"I am particularly glad to have an opportunity of addressing so magnificent a meeting of the people of the Queen's county. You have heard how a distinguished townsman of yours tried to frighten me away from coming here, under the guise of friendship, but I thought to myself it would be a strange thing if the day had come when the men of the Queen's county would not like to hear what I had to say. I do not think that they knew of any reason either. It is difficult to keep up with all the lies that are told in these days. But certainly, if I had as many faults, if I had committed as many sins, as many iniquities as the seceders tell you that they knew all along I had committed, then all I can say is that they were guilty of most disgraceful conduct in tolerating me as their leader during these sixteen years, and in allowing me to introduce them to their seats in this and other constituencies. One of my high crimes and misdemeanors is, they say, that I have been a dictator. Now, that is an offence which I cannot honestly plead guilty to. Certainly I have never dictated to any of the Irish constituencies, or to any portion of the Irish people, in my own interests. I have never dictated to any of my parliamentary colleagues; but let me admit to you how far this charge of dictation can be stretched. It can go as far as this, that a good many years ago I dictated to the men of the Queen's county to choose as their member Mr. Arthur O'Connor. A good many years ago I also dictated to the men of the borough of Wexford to choose as their member Mr. Timothy Healy. I think it would be a long time only for these two pieces of dictation before the men of the Queen's county would have taken Mr. Arthur O'Connor from his high stool in the war office, or before the men of Wexford would have taken Mr. Timothy Healy from behind the counter. Then, again, I dictated to the men of the county of Wexford to choose Mr. John Barry as their representative; I dictated to the convention for the county of Cork in 1885 to choose Dr. Tanner, Mr. Flynn and Mr. Lane as their representatives; and, to finish the sum of my offences in that direction, I also dictated to the convention of the county of Mayo to choose Mr. Xavier O'Brien and Mr. John Deasy.

ENGLISH FORTRESSES IN AMERICA.

The patriotic New York *Sun* is doing a good work in directing the attention of the Federal government to the ominous preparations for war undertaken by Great Britain on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. On general principles, every inch of this continent from the Rio Grande to the Polar sea should belong to the United States, together with the islands contiguous to this continent. Then, no foreign power would have an opportunity of holding a pistol to our heads as England is doing. In substance the *Sun* says that Great Britain is quietly, but busily and steadily, strengthening her stragetic points in the New World. Two twelve-inch guns from Woolwich have recently been mounted in one of the new forts at Halifax, and a third is on the way thither. The capacious and admirable harbor that has caused Halifax to be chosen as the principal British naval station in America is now defended by nine forts and batteries, which command the entrance on either side of McNab's Island.

At York redoubt and Ives Point, as well as elsewhere, are heavy guns, and from the crest of the hill the citadel can deliver a plunging fire. A good garrison of regulars is kept there, and undoubtedly with its famous dockyard and its coaling facilities it would be the base of any naval operations on the North Atlantic coast. Looking further south we find that London and Bermuda can now talk with each other by telegraph. The latter, with its well defended harbor and fine dockyard for repairing ships, is a valuable naval station, and for a fast cruiser only about two days distant from the Carolina coast. It has a well equipped marine arsenal, is difficult of approach through tortuous channels, and, being completely fortified with powerful modern ordnance, is considered practically secure from attack. It is at once a basis of supplies for war ships and a refuge for merchant fleets. Nor will England neglect the Bahamas, within a single day's steaming of Florida, the importance of which was shown by the operations of the Confederate blockade runners. As for Jamaica, with its commanding position in relation to gulf commerce, at the southern approach to the Windward passage, we find that Great Britain has been newly intrenching Kingston, with a view to the protection of its fine harbor. It must be noted also that Jamaica and Belize are at the extremities of a line stretching across the route between the gulf and the Carribean Sea by the Yucatan channel. To the southeast lies the chain of the Lesser Antilles, with St. Lucia and Barbadoes prominent among them. Port Castries, in the former, is one of the leading British naval stations in the New World, and $500,000 has lately been laid out on the improvement of its harbor, and the imperial government has fortified it strongly. Barabadoes is the headquarters of the British forces in the West Indies. Off the South American coast is the island of Trinidad, which, with British Guiana on the other side, dominates the mouth of the Orinoco.

Great Britain and the Dominion have jointly expended more than a million dollars on the arge graving dock at Esquimault, on the Pacific coast, where the heaviest vessels may be repaired, and a system of defenses for Esquimault, Vancouver City, and Victoria has been planned. As the only coaling station of importance for Great Britain on the North Pacific coast she is amply justified in protecting it. She is perfectly well aware that at the first sound of war with the United States, Montreal and Ottawa would be in danger, and from time to time disputes like the Alabama claims, the fisheries controversy, and the present Bering Sea altercation force her to take into account the possibility of such a war. The colony of Newfoundland, the key of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, also talks of independence. Still, the line of secondary bases for naval operations just spoken of undoubtedly gives her a most important present advantage for an attack upon our extended coast. This advantage will inevitably continue during a few years longer. By that time the heavy guns and mortars, the battleships, harbor defense monitors, and torpedo systems now in course of preparation will be so far advanced as to cause little further apprehension of naval attack. The series of insular ports which Great Britain has fortified on the Atlantic and on the Gulf will then take on a more obviously defensive aspect.

MR. BLAINE'S ILLNESS.

The country, regardless of party feeling, learns with regret that the health of Secretary Blaine may be considered as precarious. It can ill afford to lose the services of a statesman so able, and so American, at a period when complications of state with foreign nations come, like misfortunes, in quick succession. Mr. Blaine has upheld the honor of our country in every controversy, and America can never forget his proud answer to Baron Fava, "The United States has never taken orders from foreign governments, and is not going to begin now!" THE CITIZEN much fears, however, that certain predecessors of Mr. Blaine, in the high and important office of Secretary of State, took many bluffs from foreign governments, if they did not actually obey their orders. We have painful memories of Seward, Hamilton Fish, Frelinghuysen, and Bayard. Mr. Blaine, by his genius and his firmness, has redeemed the American name in the realms of diplomacy, and has given the outside world to understand that while we may be, to some extent, "a nation of shopkeepers," we are also a nation of soldiers and sailors, ready and willing to defend the honor of our flag and uphold the rights of our country whenever our government may call upon us to do so. God be thanked for this superb change of policy, which makes every American citizen feel proud of his country and himself; and should ill health compel the retirement of Mr. Blaine, may America quickly find another champion equally able and ready to keep her in the first rank among the nations.

UNFAIR CAMPAIGN METHODS.

When a portion of the Chicago press tells the public that the supreme court of the State can be influenced to decide a case one way or another by the result of an election in Cook county, is it not veritable contempt of court? In the recent judicial election nearly every daily paper in Chicago shouted "Clan-na-Gael" at one of the Democratic candidates, Mr. Thomas G. Windes. Yet that gentleman and his ancestors for five or six generations were born in Alabama. Mr. Windes has no affiliations with Irish societies and in religion is a Baptist. One is not likely to meet many of the Irish in a Baptist church. The excuse for crying "Clan-na-Gael" at Mr. Windes was that he is in partnership with Mr. Alexander Sullivan. Some of the writers for the Chicago dailies told their readers that Mr. Windes, if elected, might try the men convicted in the Cronin case, if they got a new trial. Others said the supreme court would be influenced by the election of Mr. Windes to decide in favor of a new trial. No element has made a worse charge against the supreme court. If it were true, the judges of the supreme court would be in duress themselves in place of being in the exalted position they now hold.

The Cronin case was submitted to the supreme court at its last term held in Ottawa. The case is in all probability decided. The duty of writing the court's decision has very likely been assigned to one of the justices, and a hundred elections would not have the slightest influence in changing the decision. Mr. Windes, over his own signature, declared that if he were elected he would not try the case, nor hear any motion in relation to it. But that did not stop the cry. It is a poor compliment to the good sense of the Chicago press, a portion of which made this ridiculous charge, that, when it had the principle of a non-partisan judiciary to advocate, it could not present that principle without resort to an appeal to prejudice.

THE CITIZEN did not particularly advocate Mr. Windes, but it believes in justice and fair play. It is quite certain that the name of Mr. Windes was never heard of in any Irish society. Those societies had no interest in the election and took no part in it. In their testimony before the coroner's jury his enemies testified that Mr. Alexander Sullivan had not been a member of the so called Clan-na-Gael society since 1885.

It is to the credit of the people of Cook county that, although they elected the Non Partisan ticket, they ran Mr. Windes, as they did Judge Tuthill who was otherwise assailed, ahead of his ticket. Mr. McKee was the nominee of the bar as well as of the Democrats, and had the powerful support of the Republican German organ, the *Freie Presse*. Those who ran on an equal footing with Mr. Windes—that is, with the Democratic nomination alone—were Mr. W. G. Ewing, ex United States attorney; Messrs. L. P. Boyle, Jesse Cox, and John W. Showalter. They are all well known lawyers; and Mr. Ewing may properly be designated as one of the leaders of his party in Illinois. Yet Mr. Windes polled nearly two thousand votes more than Mr. Ewing, and led every other candidate on the ticket. The people favored a non partisan ticket, but they rebuked an appeal to prejudice.

JUDGE TUTHILL TRIUMPHANTLY ELECTED.

The liberal people of Chicago, and more particularly the Irish-Americans, and the Catholic-Americans of all races, scored a great victory over bigotry and intolerance in the judicial election last Monday, when they placed the Hon. Richard S. Tuthill again upon the circuit bench, with a lead of more than two thousand votes over the lowest Republican candidate upon the Non Partisan ticket. The vote for the successful candidates was as follows:

Murray F. Tuley, D.	62,718
Frank Baker, D.	61,712
Samuel P. M'Connell, D.	61 600
Richard W. Clifford, D.	60,100
Thomas A. Moran, D.	58 481
Richard S. Tuthill, R.	46,340
Lorin C. Collins, R.	45,217
George Driggs, R.	45,175
Arba N. Waterman, R.	44 809
Oliver H. Horton, R.	44 211
Francis Adams, D.	39,276

The regular Democratic ticket was badly defeated, McKey, Windes and Boyle running considerably ahead, chiefly in the wards inhabited by Irish-Americans. In those same wards, Judge Tuthill, for whom THE CITIZEN appealed to the voters last week, got a splendid support, although he is a stalwart of the stalwarts among Republicans. The attempt of the Know-nothing, U. O. D., C. C. C. element to defeat Judge Tuthill resulted in a most ignominious fiasco. The Irish-Americans of Chicago and Cook county have done well, and THE CITIZEN congratulates them most heartily. It will not be necessary hereafter for chivalrous Americans, like Judge Tuthill, to fear the hostility of the bigots at the polls on the one side, or the indifference and ingratitude of the elements they defend on the other. The election of the gallant Judge, who is in every way worthy of the high honor bestowed upon him, is certainly the proudest victory for civil and religious liberty yet obtained in this community.

PARNELL CERTAIN OF FIFTY-TWO SEATS.

Mr. T. M. Harrington, M. P., speaking at a meeting of the Irish National League in Dublin on May 19, said:

"He was sorry that Mr. Davitt had found it necessary on leaving the country not to say some words that might have contributed more to peace than to war. The country expected more from one who did something undoubtedly to insure a claim to the affections of the Irish people. Referring to the probable results of a general election, he contended that out of the six seats in Dublin city and county they would not lose one. Kildare would return two supporters of Parnell, Meath would return 2; Westmeath, 2; Wicklow, 2; Louth, 2; Carlow, 1; Roscommon, 2; Galway, 3; Kerry, 3; Limerick, 2; Waterford, 3; Tipperary, 2; Kilkenny, 1; Wexford, 1; Clare, 2; Mayo, 4; Cork, 4; Longford, 1; Leitrim, 1; King's County, 1; Queen's County, 1; Cavan, 1; Tyrone, 1; Donegal, 1; Monaghan, 1. By that calculation he gave Mr. Parnell a total of 52 seats at the next general election. That would be a total of all the Irish seats as represented at the present time; but when they remembered that the weak divisions in the north were occupied by seceders, and that any attempt to oust them would hand them over to the Tories, the seceders would obtain very little comfort from any forecast of the general election."

As Mr. Harrington, through his office of secretary of the National League, is the best posted man in Ireland on the question of elections, the foregoing statement may be considered authoritative.

DECORATION DAY PARADE.

The Decoration Day parade in this city on the 30th ult. was an inspiring sight. Fully 7,000 men, including veterans, regulars, militiamen and patriotic organizations appeared in line, marched through the principal thoroughfares of the South Division and were reviewed on Michigan avenue by Major Gen. Miles and his staff. The array of still stalwart veterans astonished many people who think that a quarter of a century is a long time, but they fail to remember that the Union army was generally composed of young men, ranging from 18 to 25 years of age, and that, after the terms of the three years men expired, in May, June, July and August, 1864, several hundred thousand young men were enlisted for long and short terms of service to take their places. This accounts, in part, for the many vigorous men, still well able to march and fight, who appeared in the veteran ranks last Saturday. Indeed, several platoons of the veterans did much better marching than either the regulars or the militia. The former stepped off well, but their alignment was often quite faulty, while some of the militia companies were so crowded in ranks that graceful evolutions were simply out of the question. But, as a whole, the marching and wheeling of all concerned were highly creditable to American soldiership, and gave proof of the military capacity of the people in case a war should be forced upon them. Gen. Miles expressed himself highly pleased at what he saw, and the immense throngs of spectators manifested by their applause their sense of appreciation.

BUFFALO BILL visited the field of Waterloo on the 21 inst. Now if Bill had only been there, on the French side, 76 years ago—but, then, what's the use of vain regret?

THE Philadelphia *Freeman*, the most scurrilous Irish-American paper ever published, went under recently. The Irish people know how to resent injustice and blackguardism in an effective manner. An editor who exists only for the purpose of throwing mud at his fellow countrymen is a rascal and deserves to be relegated to oblivion.

THE Glan na Gael guards, commanded by Capt. Buckley, presented a fine appearance in the parade on Decoration Day. We missed the excellent Hibernian Rifle regiment on the occasion, and hope that the omission will be supplied next Decoration Day.

A DEFICIT of 10,000 000 francs has been discovered in the Peter's Pence account by a committee of cardinals. The Pope has appealed to Cardinal Manning for an increase of the pence in Great Britain. Sixty new bishops, including bishops of Milwaukee, Salt Lake, Omaha and Dallas, were nominated by the Pope at Tuesday's consistory.

BROTHER HENRY W. BOLTON, of this city, has got himself "into hot water" with the Catholics of Galena. He was appointed to act as chaplain at the unveiling of the Grant monument in Galena last Wednesday, but, owing to Catholic objections, on account of former bigoted utterances, he was notified that he could not officiate. THE CITIZEN, in a missionary spirit, directs the attention of Brother Bolton to the sermon delivered by the Rev. Father Harty, before the G. A. R of Providence, R.I., on Memorial Sunday. Brother Bolton ought to blush at the fact that a Catholic priest, whom he looks upon with distrust and abhorrence, should teach him a lesson in toleration and in true patriotism.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S paper, the *Labor World*, of London, failed on Wednesday. It had $50,000 behind it, but $45,000 have been expended, without a prospect of success, the company concluded to suspend publication. Davitt, in an interview telegraphed the Chicago *Tribune* from Winnipeg, Man., expresses surprise at the suspension, but virtually acknowledges that his hostility to Parnell had a bad effect upon the public mind. Woe to the Irish paper that depends on an English constituency for support.

IRELAND is a wonderful country. The Irish are a simply invincible race in the matter of maintaining a strength of population that is marvelous, when it is remembered that famine and emigration reduced their children "a million a decade," from 1845 until 1875. Since that period Ireland has declined at the rate of half a million a decade. Yet the recent Irish census shows a total population of 4,706,162, of whom 2,317,076 are males. This shows a decrease in their total population of 468,764 since last census.

P. N. FITZGERALD, of Cork, has published a card in the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* in which he accuses T. M. Healy, M.P., of having received $5,000 from Dublin Castle for inducing the Gwedore tenants to plead guilty. Fitzgerald challenges Healy to meet the charge.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES CUNNEA.

The many friends of Mr. James Cunnea will regret to hear of his death, which occurred at the Waverly hotel, in this city, on Saturday last. The cause of death was typhoid pneumonia. Deceased was born in Will county, this State, forty-two years ago. He was educated at Notre Dame University, Ind., and received the degree of B. A. in the class of 1869. Mr. Cunnea afterwards went to Rome, Italy, and spent nearly three years at the College of Nobles. He was at one time connected with the Calumet National bank, as a stockholder and officer. His connection with the institution dated from the time when his brother-in-law, John J. Fitzgibbon, purchased the bank from Mr. Taylor. Deceased leaves a wife and four children, well provided for. At the time of his death he was surrounded by his family and friends, and received the full rites of his church. He was buried on Monday at Morris, Ill., the funeral services being held at the church of the Immaculate Conception. Deceased had many standard qualities which endeared him to all whom he met. He was a man of generous and noble impulses, and a gap has been left in the ranks of his friends which it will be hard to fill. Mr. Cunnea, owing to his important business connections in South Chicago, was well known there, and reminiscences of his pleasant face and manners and genial ways will oft be recalled as they think of him as a chief figure among the hosts of their friends who have gone before. He was a gentleman and a scholar, and as such commanded widespread respect. He was an honest man, and as Pope beautifully says: "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

POWERFUL PARNELL.

[*Herald Special.*]

LONDON, May 17.—The central figure in the political arena just now is Mr Parnell. The Conservatives hate him and all his works, but are forced to admire his courage, keen tactical skill and dogged adherence to the objects he has in view. The Liberals pretend to despise him as a broken idol and a beaten leader, but they secretly fear him

The "uncrowned king" has taught English Radicals what a small but united and determined body of men can accomplish in parliament, but their efforts to copy his methods have been dismal in the extreme. The Labor party idea is simply an adoption of his policy, but the keystone to the arch is the leader, who up to date has not been found. It seems almost incredible that a politician should be able to stand up against the tremendous odds at present arrayed against Mr. Parnell and yet hold a prominent place on the political stage; but, mirabile dictu, such is the case today.

He has knocked the bottom out of the Liberal opposition to the tory land bill and forced even his enemies in Ireland to support the measure. Mr. Davitt says he has led the party opposed to him on this question, and Mr. Davitt is right. Indeed, it is very difficult to get over Mr. Parnell's hard logic on the land question. He welcomes concessions from either party, and when he urged that thousands of poor Irish tenants will benefit by the English millions he stated what was so obviously true that the McCarthyites dared not further oppose the measure if they wished to face their constituents.

The McCarthyites are trying hard to score by making a great outcry on behalf of the evicted tenants and those who have suffered for participation in the plan of campaign. Parnell is being howled at right and left to release the Paris funds. All this is merely an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the Irish public, and will not move the "uncrowned king" one hair's breadth from the policy he has laid down. The $225,000 in Munroe's bank in Paris would not support the campaign tenants for nine months, and Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien, who are responsible for the plan of campaign policy, hoped to get $500,000 in America to prevent a collapse. The proposition that all the Paris funds should be squandered on a lost battle and an utterly impracticable policy commends itself to no thinking Irishman. Parnell always disapproved of the policy, and his suggestion that all the tenants should try and settle with their landlords, and that the fund should be conserved for the benefit of those who cannot do so, is the only statesmanlike solution of the difficulty.

The Late Walter Furlong.

At a meeting of the Michael Davitt Football Club held Friday, 29th inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted in reference to the late Walter Furlong, who was a member of the above club:

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Walter Furlong, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Furlong this branch of the Gaelic Athletic Association has lost an earnest and energetic member, a young man endowed with those graces of mind and body which endeared him to all who knew him.

Resolved, That while bowing submissively to the Divine will, we deeply deplore the loss of one who was to us a cheerful companion, one whose gentle habits and lovable qualities rendered him a desirable associate in any society.

Resolved, That we offer our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of the deceased in this sad hour of affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered in our minutes, and a copy of the same be forwarded for publication to THE CITIZEN, the *Sun* and *Catholic Home*.

F. J. RYAN, President.
P. MULCAHY, Rec. Sec.

The remains of the subject of the above resolutions, the late Walter Furlong, were interred at Mt. Olivet cemetery Saturday, the 30th ult. His relics were conveyed from the residence of his family, 5200 Sherman street, to Father Maguire's church, where the last rites were administered, and thence to the cemetery. The funeral cortege was large. The pall bearers, who were selected from the Davitt Club, were Brothers P. Mulcahy, J. A. Wolfe, R. W. Wolfe, Thomas Wolfe, J. Keeley and T. McGrath. A beautiful wreath of flowers, bearing an appropriate inscription, was presented by the members of the Davitt Club, and for its design and make up was much admired.

Local Catholic News.

The dedication of the new French Catholic church at Brighton Park will take place on Sunday, June 7. The ceremonial will be presided over by his Grace Archbishop Feehan. The energetic pastor, Rev. Father Le Sage, has issued invitations to the various pastors in the city, and a large gathering is expected. We hope the weather will prove favorable.

The Lake Shore's New Fast Train.

"No. 16," via the New York Central and B. & A., will be placed in service June 7. It will leave Chicago daily at 10:30 a. m., reaching New York at 9:10 p. m. and Boston at 3:40 p. m. next day. Close connection will be made with diverging lines throughout New England, enabling passengers to reach the principal points in this section as well as the Atlantic coast resorts, before dark. The equipment of thir train is new throughout, and consists of vestibuled sleepers, buffet library car, coach and dining car. No extra fare. Send for folder giving complete schedule of the train service, also routes and rates to the Eastern summer resorts. F. M. Byron, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st. C. K. Wilber, Western Passenger Agent, Chicago.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT

Join Hands, Through the Medium of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Providence, R. I.

Eloquent, Patriotic and Significant Sermon of the Rev. Father Harty—Something that May be Read With Profit by Certain Chicago Bigots.

[*Providence, R. I., Journal, May 25.*]

Bucklin Post observed Memorial Sunday by attending mass at the church of the Sacred Heart at 10:30 a. m., and evening services at the Second Baptist church. The members of the post assembled at headquarters early, and with the local camp of Sons of Veterans marched to the church of the Sacred Heart, where seats were reserved for them in the center aisle, and where the ladies of the Relief Corps had already preceded them. The post was met at the portals of the church by Rev. Father Harty, who preceeded the veterans into the church, and taking the colors from the color bearers, placed them on either side of the church within the sanctuary rail. Two large American flags were draped from pillars over the right and left aisles and made a very pleasing effect. Solemn high mass was celebrated, with Rev. Father McNamara as celebrant; Rev. Father Harty, deacon, and Rev. Father Ryan, of the Holy Name church, sub-deacon. The choir, under the direction of Prof. McGurrigle, sang La Hacker's mass. The soloists were Mrs. McCormick, Miss Fannie Gerhard and Miss Katie Mulervey, and Messrs. J. Healy and James Murphy. Rev. Father Harty preached an eloquent sermon on the gospel of the day, and also paid a glowing tribute to the heroes, both living and dead, who fought for the preservation of the country. He spoke in substance as follows:

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations; baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching to observe all things, whatsoever I have commanded you; and behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." St. Matthew, xxviii., 19 20

Today, my brethren, we celebrate the feast of the most Holy Trinity—the sublimest mystery of our holy religion. Almighty God has revealed this inscrutable mystery to us in order that by believing in it we may pay the greatest homage and glory that faith enables us to pay to our Creator. We believe what is absolutely incomprehensible, because God has revealed it to us, and give up what is dearest to us—our understanding, because we cannot understand this mystery, even after it is revealed. It is a grand profession of faith, and at the same time an act of the greatest self abasement. We admit the infinity of God and our own finiteness. This belief is the strongest foundation of our hope, for we owe to it whatever entitles us to confidence in the goodness of God, to our justification, and the means of sanctification. Faith in the revelation of God is the root of justification, and one of the very first mysteries of revelation, which every Christian is bound to believe, is the mystery of the Holy Trinity.

Belief in the Holy Trinity is a powerful means of promoting charity towards our neighbors. For, as we adore one and the same God, have one and the same faith and baptism, so we are but one and the same body, which is the church, it is but right that the same spirit should animate us, and that as we are all children of God, so we should all love one another. There is perfect love and harmony between the persons of the Holy Trinity, let the same exist among us. This is the great lesson of the day, which let each take to heart and practice toward his neighbor.

It gives one great pleasure to welcome on this glorious Sunday morning the members of the G. A. R. I am delighted to have them worship at the same altar with us on this Memorial Sunday. What memories it calls up of men who, in what is known as a mercantile age, a mechanical age, a money making age, an age of iron, steam and electricity, with a self sacrificing courage worthy of the best days of chivalry, gave up everything, even life itself, at the call of their country. May their country never forget them and may Memorial Sunday be celebrated as long as the Stars and Stripes float over a free country. Those were earnest, God fearing men, who fought from a sense of duty and not as the hirelings or minions of some tyrannical ruler. We owe them a debt of gratitude. They have left us a united, free and prosperous country, they have left us a flag which is a protecting shield for the oppressed of every nation. When their work was done they laid the sword aside and quietly returned to do their duty as peaceful citizens. To many thinking minds this is the most remarkable thing connected with the great war. The licentiousness and ribaldry of disbanded armies are notorious, but here was the greatest of armies quietly transformed into peaceful citizens. It was because they were God fearing men, who, having a stern duty to perform, did it, and then turned the sword into the plowshare or the mechanical tool. They had their chaplains with them in the field of battle, the Catholic priest and sister of charity were side by side with the Protestant clergyman working for the same end. The man who is true to his God and the principles of his religion is the best citizen in peace or war; the man who is recreant to his God will not be true to his country. If the dead heroes could speak to us today they would teach us a lesson of unity and brotherly love; they would tell us to heed not the disturbers who would sow the discord of race or creed among us; they are not worthy of heed; they are disturbers by profession whose creed is a negation. Let no man tell me that I cannot be a good Catholic and a loyal American at the same time. When I foreswore allegiance to another country and took the oath of allegiance to the United States, I knew very well the obligation I was taking on myself. And if any foreign power should send an army to invade this country, even if such a thing were possible that the Pope should become king of Italy and send an invading army to the United States, I would consider it my duty to meet them on the sea shore and shed my blood defending the flag of the United States. I claim that a good Catholic is bound in conscience to be a good citizen. I am an American citizen pure and simple, and that is all I want; that is all the allegiance I owe. I admit that there is a warm corner in my heart for the old country; you all love the graves of your old mothers and the cemeteries in which their remains rest; so do I. And if I can help the old country without interfering with my duty as a citizen of this country, I will do it. There is no people on the face of the earth so ready to extend a helping hand, give an encouraging word, or share a generous purse with a people struggling for liberty as the great American people.

I will tell you an incident. I was one of about 100 who composed the first American Catholic pilgrimage to Jerusalem and the Holy Land about two years ago. Before leaving we had a costly flag made, on one side was a picture of Christ arising from the tomb, on the other the Stars and Stripes. We carried it in our procession through New York to the Cathedral where the archbishop gave us his blessing. We carried it to our audience with the Holy Father in the Vatican at Rome. Leo XIII., in defiance of the advice of his physician, received us and spoke in glowing terms of our country. We presented our flag and he solemnly blessed it. We carried it with us to Palestine. When approaching the walls of Jerusalem we formed in procession and carried our flag through the streets of the city to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and there in the presence of 15,000 people, with 1,000 singing a grand Te Deum, we placed it at the foot of Calvary, a few paces from the Holy Sepulchre. There it is today and there it will remain as long as a Catholic is in Jerusalem to tenderly care for it. I spoke to you of the Holy Trinity before alluding to Memorial Sunday. As a creature my first duty is to my Creator, my next to my country. From the Holy Trinity we learn the lesson of charity—brotherly love—let us take it to heart. It is the lesson so strongly impressed by your great captain, General Grant, when dying on Mt. McGregor. As in the Trinity there are three distinct persons in one God, let me say it with all respect, in our country there are several independent states in one Union, E Pluribus Unum.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

At the Newcastlewest petty sessions Mr. John J. Enright was charged with shooting at a tenant of his named Margaret McGrath. In the evidence it was elicited that the defendant was under the influence of drink, and the plaintiff had not been injured. The bench concluded that defendant did not mean to shoot the woman, and bound him over to keep the peace, himself in £50 and two sureties in £25 each.

A branch of the Munster and Leinster Bank has just been opened in Lismore.

The medical faculty of the Catholic University have nominated Dr. C. J. Nixon and Dr. Anthony Roche delegates to the International Sanitary Congress.

The new Catholic cathedral at Letterkenny is to be constructed of Mountcharles freestone, and when finished it is expected to be among the finest ecclesiastical edifices in Ireland. Mr. Haig, of Dublin, is the architect, and Mr. McClay, Strabane, the contractor.

Sir Robert Stewart, musical director, Dublin, has just published a new "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" in E flat. The work is melodious and elaborate, written, like his "Cantate" and "Deus Misereatur," for double choir, and in the same key.

The foundation stone of a new church at Cullyhana was solemnly blessed and placed in position on May 20 by the primate of Armagh. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. Joseph Mc Rory, professor, Maynooth.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., received an enthusiastic reception in Enniscorthy and Wexford.

The reception of two postulants took place in the Convent of Mercy, Trim. The young ladies who renounced the world were Miss Fay, Drogheda (in religion Sister Mary Berchmans), and Miss Leake, Dublin (in religion Sister Mary Augustine Monica).

Mr. Hugh Ward, Manorhamilton, died May 3.

James Fife, emigration agent, Limerick, was prosecuted on behalf of the Board of Trade, for receiving seventeen guineas for a passage ticket to Australia without issuing the ticket immediately on receipt of the money. He was fined £5.

Maurice Healy and John Sweeney, who have for some time been in custody charged with the murder of a gamekeeper near Glengariffe on the 12th of February, were again brought up at the Bantry court. On the application of the crown prosecutor they were remanded.

A meeting of the Parnell Leadership Committee was held in Ballabay. Among those present were: Messrs. P. McGurk, M. McKenna, S. Fisher, F. Gle, J.P.; R. McGowan, P.L.G.; William Williamson and John O'Reilly. Mr. Fisher proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by Mr. R. McGowan, P.L.G., and carried: "That we, the members of the Parnell Leadership Committee, place our confidence in Mr. C. S. Parnell, and our respected M.P., Sir J. N. McKenna, and hope soon to have a visit from our leader."

The Tuam waterworks are speedily approaching completion. Pipes are now laid in all the streets.

An amusing case came on at Bloomsbury county court recently. The plaintiff, John Waterson, a musical instrument maker, sued a gentleman named Wills, residing at Bristol, for £31 10s, the price of an orchestral music box. Counsel for plaintiff said the instrument, purchased in February, was warranted to play certain tunes, including "What Should We Do Without Parnell," "Wait Till We Catch McCarthy," "Why We Hanged Tim Healy," and "Salisbury is the Savior of Old Ireland." Counsel said that defendant was a staunch Tory Democrat, and wanted the orchestron specially for an anti-Liberal demonstration, and was particularly anxious to have the last (sic) tune, because the "Women's Parnell Defense Association" of Bristol so much liked it (laughter) The defense, he believed, was that the orchestrion when it arrived turned out to be a staunch McCarthyite instrument that stubbornly refused to play the desired tunes (laughter). Plaintiff, however, alleged that it was because defendant did not know how to work the concern. He would bring evidence to show the orchestrion's excellent qualities. After some further proceedings the case was struck out.

The death is announced of Mr. George Jones, Navan, one of Mr. Parnell's most influential supporters in the county Meath. Deceased was an extensive flour merchant, and gave a large amount of employment.

A very successful fortnight's mission has been given in Ballinderry by the Redemptorists.

The parishioners of Newbridge have decided upon erecting an altar at St. Conleith's church in memory of the Rev Martin Nowlan, for many years their zealous parish priest.

The parishioners of Allen are taking steps for the erection of a memorial in their church to perpetuate the memory of their late parish priest, the Rev. John Farrell.

At the presentment sessions for the barony of Imokilly, held at Midleton, John Kennefick, publican, Shanagarry, applied for £30 compensation for the malicious burning of a rick of barley straw, twelve tons, and two tons of new meadow hay, his property, on the night of Dec. 1. He was granted £18, to be levied off the townlands of Shanagarry north and south.

A meeting was held in Listowel for the purpose of introducing a co operative system of dairying into North Kerry. The Very Rev. Canon Doyle presided, and there was a very representative attendance.

Eviction notices at the suit of Anthony Morgan and others, landlords, against Patrick Maker and John Maher, tenants, for possession of the lands of Corbally, near Midleton, were handed in at the Midleton board of guardians by Relieving Officer J. F. Mahony.

A short time ago several of the windows of the Catholic chapel in Kilkenny were smashed At a meeting of the corporation Capt. O'Leary referred in terms of condemnation to the outrage. It was decided to give £10 reward to any person who would give information as to who had committed the outrage.

The Trim races were held on the 5th inst. There was a large attendance.

Several drapers' assistants have gone out on strike in Galway. The strikers found fault with the food supplied to them.

Mr. Parnell addressed a tremendous demonstration at Clonmel on the 26th ult.

Dr. T. Brian McDermott, of Portarlington school, has been appointed head master of Kilkenny College. There were a great many applicants.

On May 9, at Listerlin, near Mullinavat, Bridget O'Keeffe, aged 80, died suddenly at her residence.

James Francis Barrett, only son of Mr. Richard Barrett, manager of the National Bank, Claremorris, has creditably passed his third examination in medicine at the Royal University.

The Clare artillery militia, under Col. Studdert, have left Ennis barracks for Dover, England, to undergo a month's drill.

At a meeting of the Tuam Parnell Leadership Committee M. J. Glynn, solicitor, presided. The chairman said the members of the National League branch were men of deeds. They had subscribed £20 towards the Tenants' Defense Fund, and their collection towards the Parnell Fund now amounted to £12. Not so with the Federation branch in town, which has yet contributed nothing to the Tenants' Defense Fund.

Timothy Collins, parish clerk, Tralee, died on May 10, aged 75 years.

On the 13th ult. Mrs. Kate Griffin, of Boulliculane, of Farranfore, died at the age of 110 years. She smoked and snuffed almost to the hour of her death.

A farmer named Kennedy, residing near Newcastlewest, died on May 11, aged 99 years.

The death of Miss McCarthie, postmistress of Kilkee, was announced on the 9th ult.

Mr. O'Reilly, who for a considerable time past at Mullingar has filled the position of inspector, has been removed by the educational authorities to Ballinasloe.

A bazaar is to be held in aid of the Christian Brothers, New Ross. The house in which they lived since 1849 having been declared by medical authority unfit for habitation, they, with the sanction of their parish priest, Very Rev. Canon Kavanagh, have erected a new building upon which there remains a heavy debt.

An indignant Parnellite crowd in Tramore severely "mauled" Tom Condon, M.P. He was rescued by the priests and police.

The Castlebar races will be held on the 17th inst.

Stephen Joyce, relieving officer, Ballinakill district, Clifden union, has come off with the honors of war in an inquiry held recently at Letterfrack before Mr. Rutledge Fair, local government board inspector.

Mrs. Monica Gormley, Glennamaddy, county Galway, died on April 30.

On May 12, in Boyle, Owen Kenny was arrested by the police on a warrant in which he was charged with murdering John Connor, of Leitrim. The accused was conveyed to Sligo jail.

The Lough, county Armagh, Independent branch of the National League held a meeting at Henry's Fort recently. Resolutions in favor of Mr Parnell were passed.

A veteran Irishwoman, Mrs. Bridget Kelly, of Terrydreen, near Parr, Newry (maiden name O'Neill), has closed the grand age of 106 years, having been born in 1784 She was 13 years of age in 98, and can still tell all the incidents of the "Rising" in that year, and was present when McSparron was flogged at the cart-tail in the streets of Feeny, to extort information from him, he being followed all the time by his mother, who repeatedly told him to die like an Irishman before he would become an informer. He held out like an Irishman, and when his torture was over his bowels were seen protruding through his wounds. Mrs. Kelly is still healthful and active, and likely to live many more years. Her hair, which was of a bright amber color, is only turning yellow, and her sight is as strong as it was at 18 She is descended from the old historic stock of the O'Neills, and her grandfather 107 years.

Some coopers have gone out on strike in Kilrush. They demand an increase of from 6½ to 8d per firkin for constant employment, and for those temporarily engaged during the summer months 10s per firkin.

Patrick Jourdan, C E, eldest son of Thomas Jourdan, Kilkee, died on Jan. 21 at Selangor, in Malacca, of swamp fever.

A bull fight in Spain and other continental countries is regarded as an enjoyable pastime still. There the man is pitted against the bull, and exciting in the extreme is often the spectacle. But bull fighting in Ireland is another thing, and is happily, of rare occurrence. From Crobally, Tramore, comes the latest news on the subject. Adjoining each other in that portion of the county Waterford reside two farmers, John Hally and Nicholas Phelan, a descendant of the old O'Felans, as he familiarly describes himself. It so happens that like many other good families in Ireland the Hallys and the Phelans have taken opposite sides in the present crisis. Hally is a believer in Mr. Parnell and in independent opposition to all English political factions. Mr. Phelan is a believer in the doctrine that Irish independence should be bartered away at the shrine of Whiggery or any other form of political faction that is predominant for the conduct of Irish affairs, in other words he is an out and out seceder; and to give some proof of his sincerity he named a two year-old bull "McCarthy," in recognition of the high opinion he held of the leader of the seceders. Mr Hally, not to be worse than his neighbor, called his two year old bull "Parnell." Well, it so happens, that Mr. Phelan's bull, "McCarthy," crossed Hally's boundary ditch, and the latter's bull, "Parnell," resented this intrusion by showing fight. And it was a bitter struggle, for Mr. Hally's bull made straight for the intruder. Long and fierce was the encounter; men from both farms assembled to separate them, but they were fruitless in their efforts. So fiercely did the struggle continue that all attempts at separation failed, the struggle ending in "McCarthy" falling helpless to the ground, where he perished within half an hour. The affair has created a great deal of gossip of an amusing nature in the locality, and it is likely the public will hear more about the matter in a court of law.—*Munster Express.*

From the days of Sir Boyle Roche Irish bulls have been famous, but we have yet to learn that they can stand for instance against the thoroughbreds from the neighborhood of the Roman Campagna!

De LaSalle Institute Bazaar.

This Saturday evening will close one of the most successful and unique bazaars ever held in Chicago. Two weeks ago the bazaar was opened in the splendid new building of the De LaSalle Institute at Thirty-fifth street and Wabash avenue, and each evening since has been held a series of musical and dramatic entertainments that were more than ordinary high-class, and enlisted the best talent obtainable in the city. The bazaar was organized and has been managed by a committee of the leading Catholic ladies of Chicago, and to them the credit is due for the success of an undertaking for such a worthy cause. The Hon Judge Moran, in his able address on the opening night, gave a general idea of the good to be accomplished by the Institute, and paid a glowing tribute to the founder, Brother Adjutor. All who can should pay the bazaar a visit before the close.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

To and from Chicago to Europe in seven days via the New York and Boston Limited—Lake Shore Route. For rates, sailings, etc., on any of the "Ocean Greyhounds," write or address J. D. O'Leary, Lake Shore office, No. 66 South Clark street, Sherman House.

Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, bishop of Meath, confirmed a large number of the children of the parish in St. Mary's new church, Drogheda, and was attended by the Very Rev. Philip Callary, P.P., V.F., his curates, and several priests from the neighboring parishes.

A new idea embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

Boils, carbuncles and eruptions of all kinds are nature's efforts to throw off poison from the blood. This result may be accomplished much more effectually, as well as agreeably, through the proper excretory channels, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Robert Lett, a painter, was recently sentenced to two month's imprisonment for stealing a silver relic cross, the property of the Rev. E Kavanagh, Adm., from Carlow Cathedral.

Some of the herbs in Hall's Hair Renewer, that wonderful preparation for restoring the color and thickening the growth of the hair, grow plentifully in New England.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

H.R.EAGLE

Ice Boxes

At 50 Cents on the Dollar.

THE EAGLE REFRIGERATOR.

DRY AIR CIRCULATION—CLEANABLE FLUES.

The outer case is made of the best ash and oak and thoroughly kiln dried. The panels are one piece and mortised into the rails, making it PERFECTLY AIR TIGHT. The inner case is a kiln dried odorless wood, lined with zinc. It is the filling we call particular attention to.

Charcoal and sawdust are both absorbents, and noxious vapors and gases are generated by them. They are also liable to shake down and are but fair non-conductors. THE PATENT NON-CONDUCTING FIBRE FILLING is the best now in use, and is not only used for these refrigerators but also as a covering for steam pipes and over steam boilers, as their non-conducting qualities are the best for the purpose. So with our refrigerators. No hot air can penetrate them when closed. The floor of the provision chamber is on a level with the bottom of the door, making it easy to keep clean should anything be spilled thereon. The finishing is done in Shellac and best Coach Varnish, and the refrigerators are not only a piece of useful furniture but ornamental as well. Mounted with casters and everything first-class.

Do not buy a refrigerator with empty walls, which allow heat and dampness to penetrate into it when you can buy an Eagle Patent Non Conducting for the same money.

A full line, all sizes and all arrangements to meet ALL wants, from

$1.99

And Upwards. BE SURE TO EXAMINE THEM.

FROM

$1.99

UPWARDS.

H. R. EAGLE & CO. 196 BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl....$5.78

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Superlative Patent Flour, per brl.....$5.58

Finest St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....$5.28

COFFEE—OUR AFTER-DINNER JAVA COFFEE AT.....25 cents per lb

Is the cheapest and best Coffee in the city. Many thousands of our customers will speak of its excellence.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 & 70 WABASH-AV.

"THE CITIZEN."

Politically Independent. Uncompromising on the Irish National Issue.

The Enemy of Knownothingism and Bigotry of Every Form.

The Best Irish-American Advertising Medium West of the Alleghenies,

Has Removed Its Business and Publication Offices to the McCormick Block, No. 67 to 73 Dearborn Street.

All Subscribers and Advertisers Will Please Take Notice.

TRUE AND FALSE.

A gem is a gem
Though it lie in the dust,
Though every by passer
Should give it a thrust;
Though hidden awhile,
Still its virtues will shine,
Till it suddenly gleams
With a glory divine.

Sand is but sand,
Though the wind, passing by,
Should toss it above
To the stars of the sky
But tried by the truth
And the testings of fame,
Forgotten it falls
To the soil whence it came.

Though obscurity trample
And tread upon worth,
It will steadily rise
From the trammels of earth:
Though chances vagaries
The worthless advance,
It will flee in dismay
At truth's conquering glance.
—George Birdseye in Detroit Free Press.

MR. AND MRS. HAWKINS.

Mr Hawkins he left the app'intin' of our weddin' day to me, and I set it for a Sunday. When you come ter think on't, there don't seem to be many days suitable for gittin married in. You see Monday's washin' day an Tuesday's ironin' day, and of course nobody would be married a Friday and Saturday's bakin and cleanin up day, so there's only Wednesday and Thursday left, and mother'n me wanted that much time for extry odds and ends of work, and to "turn round" in as you might say. So I set it a Sunday mornin' before fust service.

Now, to begin with, I must tell you that Mr. Hannibal Hawkins, the man I was goin' ter marry, was what you'd call odd, so that, although we'd been keepin' comp'ny tergether for some time, and I'd had every chance ter git acquainted, yet I felt mor'lly certain that it would be a good while 'fore I'd know him all through. Not but what he was a likely man—more, tew, for he was a church member in good and reg'lar standin', and he alwers had the name o' bein' a good husband to his fust wife, and a good pervider and all that, but, as I said, he was odd.

Wall, he came over the Saturday mornin' before the weddin', so's ter be "on hand," he said, and kinder dew for me and mother. We hadn't no men folks in the house 'cept Caleb Jones, the hired help, and he wa'n't much dependence at such a time.

It was 'bout 8 o'clock in the forenoon when Mr. Hawkins 'rived, and an hour or tew later I got a letter from his daughter Car'line.

It was marked "private," and read thus:

DEAR MISS ROBBINS (that's me, Ruth Ann Robbins, ye know)—I write to caution you about par. I feel awful 'fraid the clo'es he's took with him to be married in ain't right. All to once he was struck with one o' his odd streaks, and insisted on packin' his bag himself, a thing he never done afore in his life, and the Lord only knows what he put into it; I don't. You must look him over real sharp 'fore he goes in where the folks be. I'm sorry I can't come to the weddin', but I cut my bangs yesterday, and got 'em so short that I look just tew hijeous for anything. I've cried myself most sick, I'm so disapp'inted, and par says I'm silly ter stay away on account o' the bangs; but I can't help it; I'd ruther die than go and show myself sech a fright to all them folks—so there 'tis! I send you my love, and I hope everything will go off well. With respeck,

CAR'LINE HAWKINS.

P. S.—I'm afraid par has took odd boots. Look out for him.

I laughed when I read that letter, it didn't trouble me much of any. Thinks I ter myself, "He is old enough to pack his own bag, 'less he's a gump and a fool, and if he is a gump and a fool the quicker we find it out the better!" I felt the wust because Car'line wa'n't comin' to the weddin'. It worried me to think she was so silly 'bout them bangs.

Wall, come Sunday mornin', when it was time to dress ourselves, Hannibal took one room and I another, and we begun. I'd just got my hair all down, when Hannibal hollered tew me, and said he:

"Ruth Ann! I wish you'd bring in your needle and thread and dew a little job o' sewin' for me. I find my vest is all split out behind, though goodness knows how it come so. I never wore it but once in my life. It's a bran' new one."

I thought then of Car'line's letter, and when I see the vest I knew in a minute that he'd took the wrong one, but I sewed the old thing up as well's I could—a pretty lookin' vest it was to be married in—and went back to my room feelin' a good deal distarbed and anxious.

His next perdickermunt was wuss yet. This time he spoke to me so kinder quick and sharp, that I knew it was somethin' serious. I was jest puttin' my dress over my head, but I didn't stop to half button it up. I hurried in ter see what was the matter now. When I opened the door, there stood Hannibal in the middle o' the room, lookin' down perplexed like and inquirin' at two old boots—you couldn't call 'em a pair, for I knew the minute I set eyes on 'em that they both belonged to one and the same foot! They both had a round nob stickin' up conspickewous where the big toe went, and another great bulgin' one for the toe j'int. I hadn't never noticed anything peculiar 'bout Hannibal's feet before, but them two boots did look curis enough, and they looked kinder wicked and knowin' somehow, as if they was enjoyin' themselves!

I laughed—I couldn't help it, but Hannibal didn't even smile. He turned to me, and said he:

"Do them two boots look right to you?" Then he tried on one, and that was well enough. He put on the other, and—wall, you can imagine how it looked! Of course the nobs and bulgin's come in the wrong places, and the hull foot was hind side afore and wrong side tew, as you might say. He took 'em off and revarsed 'em, but still they continnered ter disagree and look wicked at one another. He squared 'em up ter gether as square's he could, and says he:

"Ruth Ann, I believe them boots is odd!"

"Ondoubtedly they be, Hannibal," says I, "and they look odd; but how do they feel? Can you wear 'em? That is the question."

"I don't care a continental how they feel," says he, awful savage. "I'll wear 'em if they kill me; but I dew wish they didn't look so like the—the evil one!"

I felt like death, but I knew we'd got to make the best of the sitiwation, so I says:

"Oh, I guess they won't be noticed. But you must be sure and set with your feet on the floor and drawed well back under your chair, and you mustn't on no 'count cross your legs, or if you dew, be sure and have the right foot on top."

Then I had ter leave him. I was all worked up, but I managed ter finish my toilit with my mother's help, and when I was dressed I went into the spare chamber where the couples that was goin' to stand up with us was waitin'. I found them all right, and finally Hannibal was ready, and him and me locked arms and perceeded down stairs, follered by the others. Cousin Tripheny and R'yal Hunt came fust, then 'Mandy Plympton and John Ray, then Cousin Seraphine and 'Star Chase. There was six of 'em, and they made a noble 'pearance, tew.

Jest as we got on to the stairs and Hannibal and me was most to the bottom, all of a sudden he claps his hand to his head and winspers:

"Ruth Ann, I must go back a minute. You wait right here."

"No, Hann'bal," says I, pullin' him along, "you can't go back—how it would look!"

"But I tell ye I must and I will!" says he, jerkin' away and turnin' back.

The percession stood stock still on the stairs, and fust one, then t'other whispered down ter know what was the matter, and the folks in the parlor began ter peak out and buzz. I concluded as long's I couldn't be married without Hannibal, I might as well go and look after him. Thinks I ter myself, "Who knows but he means ter put an end to his miserable old existence!" So when he rushed up the stairs and pitched head fust into his room, I wa'nt fur behind. And what did I see that great silly dew but make a dive fer the lookin' glass and go through with the motions of brushin' his hair, deliberate and arnest, as if—wall, as if he'd had some hair! For he's most as bald as a bedpost, and what hair he's got lays down of its own accord as slick as grease, all times! I wus mad. I snatched the brush away and grabbed his arm.

"Hannibal Hawkins!" says I, firm and determined, I tell ye; "Hannibal Hawkins! you come down stairs with me this instant; I've had enough o' your oddity fer one day! I've bore all I can or will, and when we're married I'll take some o' this nonsense out on ye, or I'll—I'll see!" says I.

He glared at me as if he never'd seen me before, he was so 'stonished, but I hauled him back down stairs, and we all went into the parlor at last and took our places in front of the minister. But it did seem as if delays and hitches was to be the order of the day, for jest as we got all ready ter begin, the minister was called to the door on important business that kep' him ten minutes or so, and there we stood in the middle o' the floor lookin' at one 'nother and feelin' awk'ard enough.

Among the folks I invited to the weddin' was old Aunt Betsey Griffin, deaf as a post, and settin' beside her was old Mis' Potter, and Mis' Potter'd lost her mind, in a measure, as it were. I knew it would please 'em both ter come, so I invited 'em. Well, while we was waitin' for the minister and the room was still as the grave, all of a sudden Mis' Potter turned to Aunt Betsey and screamed into her ear loud enough to wake the dead.

"Who did you say our Ruth Ann is goin ter marry?" And Aunt Betsey screamed back jest as loud, though Mis' Potter ain't deaf a mite:

"Mr. Hannibal Hawkins!"

Mis' Potter nods her head contented, and sets and rocks for about a minute; then she leans over and screams again:

"What did you say his name was?"

Aunt Betsey tells her, and she nods and rocks as before, but her poor old head can't hold but one idee at once, so she hollers a third time, and says she:

"What did you say her name was?" and Aunt Betsey answers patient and loud:

"Ruth Ann Robbins!"

Everybody was laughin' by this time, and I don't know how long them poor creatur's would ha' kep' our names goin' back'ard and for'ard if the minister hadn't come in jest then and put an end to it.

The ceremony perceeded along smooth and proper till Hannibal ondertook ter find the ring to put on my finger. Then there was trouble. He fumbled fust in one pocket, then another, took out a cigar, a little box o' matches, a toothpick, a penknife, a horse ches'nut that he alwers carries for rheumatiz, and several other things—took 'em out one to a time, looked at 'em thoughtful and inquirin', and put em' back agin.

Finally he drove into some place and took out a little wad o' paper, and all our sperits revived. That looked more like, but when he ondid it out rolled a dozen or more sugar coated pills on to the floor! He let 'em roll and tried agin. This time he fished out a small card that 'peared ter have some writin' on it. (I found out afterward that he'd writ down on that card where he put the ring for fear he'd forgit, jest as he had.) When he'd read the card what did he dew but stoop over deliberate and pull off one o' 'em dretful boots and shake the ring out o' the toe on't! Then he put his boot back on and straightened himself up as carm as if it was customary and common for bridegrooms to carry the ring in the toe o' their boots, and takin' my hand slipped the ring on to my finger as graceful as you please.

Wall, I was thankful when it was all over, you'd better believe! It hadn't seemed a mite as I expected. I supposed that the thought of the great responsibility I was assumin' and one thing a'nother would lift my soul and make me feel dretful sollum and pious, but I declare to man I didn't think o' nothin' from beginnin' to end but jest Hannibal's odd boots and odd actions! So little does it take to keep a woman's mind from soarin'.

After the ceremony we had cake and coffy passed round, and then as the bells was a-ringin' we proceeded to the church. It wa'n't but a few steps, jest acrost the common.

And we walked up the broad aisle tergether, Hannibal and me. I a-leanin' on his arm, lookin' my best, and he his'n, with everybody's eyes upon us! I tried not to feel proud, but it was a happy moment for me, I tell ye. And when we set down in the old pew where I'd set ever sence I was a baby, mother on one side, Hannibal on t'other, and me in the middle, it seemed awful pleasant, somehow; seemed as if I never loved the old church so well. Not that there's anything nice or harnsome 'bout our meetin' house in Craney Holler; it's almost a barn compared ter city churches, but it had one recommend. It was surrounded by natur', whose God we had come to adore. The great winders was wide open and I could look out on to the common, all green and wavy with maples, then away off acrost the medders, and up, up to the woody hilltops that touched the blue canopy o' heaven.

Oh, how can anybody that lives in the country ever lack for religious privileges? God is so nigh everywheres in natur', and he speaks through her so plain and so direck! Why, if I could go the time, if I hadn't so much housework ter dew and one thing a' nother, I'd make a practice o' goin' out every day, as reg'lar as I say my prayers, to some beautiful, sullum spot, a purpose ter commune with my Maker through natur'. In no other way can we git so near to God.

As I said, it seemed uncommon pleasant to me in meetin' that Sunday mornin'. The horses stompin' in the sheds didn't seem ter disturb me as usual, and the chirpin' of the birds and the dronin' of the crickets through the drowsy air sounded awful nice and soothin'. Inside, the house was full of good, old fashioned smells. Patigony mint and boys' love and tanzy and cammomile; for all the old ladies, and a good many of the young folks, had a bunch o' one or the other, and perhaps a sprig o' green caraway seed ter munch away on in case they's inclined to be sleepy.

I looked down to where old Squire Brown set in his pew in front o' the pulpit—asleep and noddin' so quick he was—and I noticed that one hand wisely supported his head in order ter keep on his red wig o' hair. But he wa'n't alwers so careful, for I remembered how nigh he often come ter losin' on't, and how, one Sunday, it did actewally slip clear off'n his bald pate, and how he jumped and clapped his hand to his head, and all the young folks laughed, and some o' the old ones. Even Parson Lamson jest barely saved himself by a timely sneeze!

Strange that all this should come back to me so on my weddin' mornin', but it did, and a good deal more, and I had a hard tussle bringin' myself into a proper frame o' mind to 'tend to the service.

Mother alwers had a him book to herself, on account o' seein' better, ye know, so Hannibal and me we looked on tergether, and I had the proud pleasure o' hearin' him sing for the fust time. He's got a most powerful voice, and his expression does beat all! Everybody was lookin' at him. Why, he acted it all out so, as you might say! When he struck a high note he riz up to his full statur', balanced himself kinder teenterin' on his toes, stretched up his neck, rolled his eyes 'way inter the back part of his head, and sech a tone as he fetched—high—oh, terrible high! and on the contr'y, when he sung a low note, he jest scrooched all down inter his stummuck and chist, and somethin' rumbled 'way down in his insides, low—oh, terrible low and sollum! I think his "low A" was the very lowest one I ever heerd! His singin' was sartinly imposin', and I know it imposed on everybody that heerd it. As for me, I felt so excited and lifted up by it that I kep' awake all through the sermon, didn't even nod once, and was right on hand ter rouse up mother and Hannibal in season for the doxology. Then come the benediction, and we walked out tergether as we come in, with everybody lookin' and admirin' and envyin'. And I tried ter realize that I was married, and that this was my weddin'day, but somehow I couldn't; it all seemed like a dream.—Belle C. Greene in Portfolio.

The Bishops' Bible.

In 1564 the Anglican bishops resolved to prepare a version of the Bible for themselves. The work was superintended by Archbishop Parker, of Canterbury, who distributed portions among qualified divines for examination and revision. In four years the work was completed; and in 1568 the new translation, still known as "the Bishops' Bible," was completed. It was handsomely got up, with wood engravings, a map of Palestine, an elaborate series of genealogical tables, and copperplate portraits of the queen, Leicester and Burleigh.

It was never specially authorized by queen or parliament, and the orders of convocation for its use were only partially obeyed. A second edition was issued in 1569, and a third, with considerable amendments, in 1572. But it was never a great success, as it did not command the respect of scholars, and its size and price put it beyond the reach of the people. It is described as a work of unequal merit, but was really only a revision of the great Bible.—Chambers' Journal.

Grandma Knows.

The other day a little five-year-old miss in Minneapolis had partaken freely of a generous supply of fresh prunes, when she was reminded that too many might not agree with her. With the innocence of childhood so often dashed with an audacity that electrifies older folk, she instantly replied:

"Well, I don't care; grandma says prunes are healthy; she knows all about Jesus, and I guess she knows all about prunes!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Labor Item.

Employer—I'd engage you for the place at once only I must have a married man.

Applicant—Keep the place open for an hour, sir, I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job.—Exchange.

RICHEST OF ALL TRIBES.

BIG FUND OF THE OSAGE INDIANS IN THE TREASURY.

So Much Money to Their Credit That the Government Dare Not Pay It at One Time—A Millionaire Indian in Kansas. How the Enormous Sum Accumulated.

Speaking of a visit to the Indian Territory some years ago Senator Platt said: "When I was at the trading post of the Osage Indians I was much amused to see an Indian buying a barrel of good flour for himself and a barrel of cheap flour for the white man who worked for him." The Osage Indians can afford to be luxurious. They are the wealthiest Indians in the United States.

It is estimated at the Indian office that the Osage Indians—men, women and children—are worth $15,000 each in what ought to be as good as cash—i. e., salable land and the government's promise to pay. So great is the interest on the sum held by the United States to their credit that the secretary of the interior will not pay out all of it at one time, and a gradual increment is adding to the millions already credited to the tribe on the books of the government.

The Osages came to their wealth through the sale of their lands in Kansas when they were moved to a reservation in what is now known as Oklahoma territory. One Indian abandoned his tribe and clung to his Kansas land, and it is said that today, through the appreciation in the value of that land, he is worth a million dollars.

He is perhaps the richest Indian in the world. Nothing is known of him at the Indian office because, having abandoned his tribe, he has ceased to be a subject of solicitude to the gentlemen in charge of Indian affairs at the national capital. The land belonging to the other Indians was bought by the government and thrown open to settlement.

THE INDIANS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

In buying this property the government did not make any actual payment for it. It announced to the Osages that they had been credited with the amount of the purchase money and that they would receive interest on that amount. There was no deposit made to secure this indebtedness of the government. There is nothing to represent it in the treasury department except the record of the fact that it has been assumed by the government. This has been the practice of the government—its exclusive practice—for many years.

A long time ago the treasury department used to purchase southern state bonds with the purchase price of Indian lands and hold them in trust for the Indians. A great many of these southern state bonds are now in the treasury vaults, held in trust to secure indebtedness to the Indian tribes. But on the majority of them no interest has been paid by the states for a long time; in fact, the bonds in effect have been repudiated.

The government, however, under its contract with the Indians, is held liable for the interest which these bonds should have drawn. This interest it has assumed. So the purchase of the state bonds was a losing investment for the government. Its unhappy experience in this direction has taught it the wisdom of securing its debts to the Indian, like its other obligations, with a promise to pay.

In the deposits to the credit of the Osage Indians there is one item of $8,147,515. The annual interest on this is $407,376. There are about 1,500 Osages on the reservation in Oklahoma. The exact number mentioned in the last annual report of the Indian commissioner is 1,496; but this, of course, varies from time to time. The members of this tribe, men, women and children, are joint sharers in the interest money. As it is paid to the tribe it is divided equally among them. It is drawn by the head of each family for himself, his wife and his children.

HOW THE MONEY IS SPENT.

The Indian with a large family draws a goodly sum each month. Even the amount to which the single Indians are entitled is large—for an Indian. It has been the policy for the secretary of the interior, acting for the president, who, under the new law, is the trustee for the Indians, to pay to the Osage tribe only a part of the money to which it is entitled. The amount paid annually was for a long time $250,000. Two years ago the payment was increased, at the request of the Indians, to $300,000 a year.

That is less than 75 per cent. of the amount due the Indians, and the other 25 per cent. goes toward swelling the amount with which the tribe is credited on the treasury books. What will be done with this slowly increasing capital and the correspondingly increasing interest on it is a question with which the government has not yet troubled itself.

Occasionally some of the interest money which is due to the Osages is expended for their benefit by the secretary of the interior, within his discretion. The Indian office has on hand now plans for a $30,000 building to be used as a dormitory and school in connection with the education of the Osage children. The council of the tribe requested the secretary to make this expenditure. The government looks after the education of the Osages, and a special fund is set aside for educational purposes.

The government supplies them with agricultural implements and a great many other things which the Indians could very well afford to buy for themselves. They do buy a great many luxuries. Very few of them save any of the money which is paid to them by the government. The trader at the agency gets a greater part of it within an hour after the payment has been distributed. The Osage tradership is regarded as the most valuable in the United States. Other traders have more Indians to deal with, but not so much money.—Washington Cor. New York Sun.

Without Much Difficulty.

Gazzam—It is so hard to be poor.

Maddox—And yet a great many people accomplish it.—New York Epoch.

Macaulay as a Speaker.

Men listened to Macaulay with respect, weighed his arguments, reflected on what he had said, were often convinced, sometimes converted, but nowhere did crowds of eager listeners and ardent admirers bend beneath the music of his voice or the lightning glance of his eye. An old friend of mine, recently dead, who had often heard him and remembered him perfectly, assured me, however, that he was a great power fifty years ago, and he believed that his oratorical triumphs hardly received full credit in those days.

Macaulay himself said that one of his chief defects as a public speaker was his extraordinary rapidity of utterance, which spoiled the effect of his words. His speeches resembled carefully prepared essays, delivered with incredible rapidity and some want of impressiveness, rather than the spontaneous outburst of the orator's full heart. Fluency and great facility in finding the right words are not an unmixed gain to the speaker. Appropriate pauses and emphasis are even more important, otherwise a torrent of words lacks impressiveness.

Then the management of the voice counts for very much. A speech that flows on like a rope unwound from a cylinder is not a good one. Again, to be successful a speech must be enlivened with anecdotes or humor. People can always read for solid instruction, but a platform speaker must amuse and please rather than teach.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Smart Young Fellow.

"There are pretty smart people traveling nowadays," remarked a Hibernian driver of a Fourth avenue car a few days ago, "and we carmen now and then meet some of them. A young fellow with cuffs on his shoes boarded my car at Twenty-third street. He carried a grip, and I put him down as a matter-of-fact business man. He was in a hurry, and says he: 'Lay your whip on those horses; I'm going to Hartford, and want to get to the Grand Central station in five minutes.' He spoke in such a commanding way that I asked him who he was. 'I'm the first vice president of this road, old man,' says he, 'and I want you to obey my order.' Without further ceremony I got my horses into a lively trot, and people on the avenue must have thought that the car had an electric motor as well as the horses.

"In the space of a few minutes I was at the station, and I hoped my passenger would put a quarter in my hand for my obedience. Well, sir, that young man jumped from the platform, and after he did so he turned around, made an offensive gesture with his hand, and said, 'Old man, you can now drive to the devil.' I was greatly annoyed at the trick, and would have punished him for his imposition but for his outdistancing me. I think he was an actor who was late for his train.—New York Times.

Glimpses Backward.

Through that long dark stretch of a thousand years lying between the Fifth and Fifteenth centuries the greatest luxuries were books. So costly were they that it was next to impossible for any but the richest to procure such expensive treasures, the more's the pity, since but inches of information, so to speak, remain to tell the story of their worth and the tale of wonderful garniture, both binding and ornamentation revealing the peculiarly rich and varied handicraft then in vogue.

Much of the transcribing of the period was done by residents of religious houses; boards of hard wood, over which leather was stretched, inclosed these precious treasures, and further protection by metallic corner pieces and massive clasps preserved the leaves from injury.

Literary treasures intended for royal households and ecclesiastical dignitaries, and copies for churches and monasteries had side casings of ivory on which appropriate subjects were carved in silver, of quaint fretwork pattern, and otherwise distinctively honored by the addition of gold plaques, studded with gems and jewels. Both sets and single volumes were carefully incased in boxes no less expensive than were the brilliant bindings.—Harper's Bazar.

Send Him to a Museum.

Valley City has a curiosity in horseflesh that is simply astonishing. H. J. Hamlin, one of our horse dealers, shipped in from Montana a car of horses, or broncos, as they are better known. In this lot was one that he could not sell, owing to the fact that he had none to mate him. He is a sorrel, stands fully 19 hands, or 6 ft. 4 in., from floor to withers; his legs are 3 ft. 6 in. before touching the body, and a small bronco can easily walk under him. A man 6 feet in height can't see over his back, even when standing on tiptoe. In length he is fully thirteen feet, or seventeen feet from tip of nose to tip of tail. When standing with his head as ordinarily checked up a six foot man by standing on tiptoe can just touch the base of the ear. "Hamlin's Elephant" is the cognomen he is known by.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Similarity of Quail and Barnyard Fowl.

The quail is in some respects the most interesting of the gallinaceous family, as all rooster and hen birds are called. The young are very much like the grouse chicks, except in size, and indeed the adult quail is only about as large as the average 3-weeks-old chick of the barnyard. Their seeming trustfulness in man and their inclination at times to mingle with their big cousins near farmhouses, make them universal favorites.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Dime Safes and Street Car Fares.

Brother Tom—For heaven's sake, Lil, lend me a dime.

Sister Lil—I was just going to ask you for two dimes. Where's your money?

Brother Tom—In that infernal patent safe, and it won't open until I've put in another ten cent piece.

Sister Lil—Same here. Mine won't deliver for less than two dimes.

Both get out and walk.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A CURIOUS WEDDING PRESENT.

Did the Merchant Wish to Rebuke His Daughter, or Was It His Simplicity?

"There was a fine old gentleman in this city, who from the humblest beginnings made his way steadily up to commercial fame and immense wealth, all by the manufacture of soap," said a New Yorker the other day, "and with all his wealth and prosperity he never forgot how a poor man feels or lost any of his consideration for the rights of others. Pride never puffed him up nor made him ashamed of his business or his early history.

"He was proud of the purity and excellence of his soap, and the secret of his success over his rivals lay in the fact that he invented several processes for cheapening the manufacture of that article, and his great factory in this city was full of machinery of his own invention and manufacture. He made one ample fortune solely out of patenting the ideas of his fertile brain, and several others by selling the manufactures he was thus able to turn out.

"His wife was as intensely purse proud as he was simple, though her origin was as simple as his own, and her daughter took after her. This child married well, as they say; that is, a young swell about town proposed to her on account of the great wealth he knew she would inherit. When the engagement was settled the daughter and mother asked the old man what he was going to do in the way of setting the young people up in life.

"Here they ran up against an unexpected snag. The old boy would give nothing in the way of a dowry. He thought the bridegroom should support his wife unaided till her father's will gave her a share of his estate. The utmost he could be prevailed upon to do was to give his daughter a wedding present. What this would be he steadfastly refused to say just then. On the wedding day, however, his gift to the bride was the deed for a handsome house in a fashionable street, completely furnished in costly style from top to bottom.

"The bridal tour had all been arranged, so no stop was made by the happy pair to examine the new house. All through the honeymoon they talked of the pleasure they would have in going over the house, examining the pictures and plate and entertaining their friends in it. Great was the delight with which they entered their new home on their return. The carpets were velvet, the hangings of silk and lace, the furniture hand carved, the pictures old masters, the linen of the finest, and silverplate was everywhere, even in the kitchen.

"The bridegroom was delighted, but the bride's cheeks were crimson, and her eyes flashed a fire that tears could not quench. Everywhere she looked she was familiar objects that filled her with rage. Snatching a heavy silver salver from the table, she showed to her husband, engraved on it minutely but with elaborate detail, the representation of a bar of soap with her father's well known trademark on it.

"This queer crest was everywhere about the house, worked into carved furniture, woven in the linen and hangings, and even painted on the carriage and stamped on the harness which were presented with the house. It was the old man's greatest pride, that trademark and what it stood for, but whether he had it put on his daughter's things out of sheer simplicity of heart or whether he intended it as a rebuke to her foolish pride I never found out."—New York Tribune.

A Lord Who Drove a Water Cart.

When Lord Charles Beresford first entered upon a naval career he was very fond of a bit of fun occasionally. This is shown by the following incident, which is told by one of his brother officers. While in the officers' mess one day, a discussion arose among the young officers as to whether any one of them would care to ride down the Row at a fashionable hour on a cart, and "Charlie," as he was familiarly called, undertook to accomplish the feat. A bet of a five-pound note was immediately made that he would not do so, and in this bet the other officers in the room—about seven in number—joined.

The matter then dropped. A few days afterward Lord Marcus Beresford was riding down the Row, followed closely by Lord Melville and his brother, when they were suddenly hailed by a man sitting on a water cart with the salutation, "Hi, just hand over those fivers." The officers drew up in astonishment, which immediately gave place to uncontrolled laughter when it was seen that the driver of the water cart was Lord Charles Beresford, dressed up in laborer's clothes. He had bribed the driver to allow him to take his place, and the "fivers" had to be paid.—London Tit-Bits.

Oldest House in Washington.

Down at the foot of Seventeenth street, away from the usual route of the guidebook sightseers, stands the oldest house in Washington. The moss had grown thick around its humble roof long before quarreling congresses wrangled and disputed over the location of the future "Federal City," and when at last the dispute was ended and a definite site selected it was found that the unpretentious home and paternal acres of a sturdy old Scotchman, David Burns by name, occupied a large portion of the proposed situation. The homestead itself was located almost upon the immediate bank of the Potomac, here a mile or more in width, and only a little distance away from the beautiful hill upon which the observatory now stands—the hill upon which, it is related, Braddock's forces camped on their first night out from Alexandria, in that ill starred march into the wilderness.—New England Magazine.

Policemen's Lot Not Happy.

The Portland police are not allowed to carry umbrellas. They have also been ordered to report daily the electric lights that do not burn. The result of this attempt to make the policeman useful as well as ornamental will be carefully watched by other cities not less anxious to experiment in the direction of reform.—Biddeford (Me.) Journal.

A Pretty Garden Ornament.

A very pretty piece of ornamental gardening, not too difficult for beginners, can be done with an old umbrella or parasol and some plants of cypress vines, maurandia, sweet pea or anything that is not of too aspiring a nature. Such climbers as the morning glory, canary bird vine and other twenty footers, are better left for unsightly fences and buildings. Plants are better than seed, because more certain, and they do not take so long to catch the knack of twining and spreading. Umbrella ribs are not decorative, and to see such an object standing there week after week, waiting for its clothes, does not give people a pleasant impression of a garden.

But first find your umbrella; and this may not be so easy, for "retired" umbrellas that are no longer fit for use are seldom seen. Some member of the family, however, may be able to produce one, and then it should be immediately stripped of the few tatters left to it. The next step is to paint the frame and handle brown, and when quite dry plant the end of the handle firmly in the ground, with the frame fully opened. If the handle is rather short it will be an improvement to add a piece of wood to it.

It is now ready for the vines, which should have made some progress in growing; and when they once begin to do their best the old umbrella frame makes such a lovely green bower studded with blossoms of red or purple or white—or all together if the vines are mixed—that every one exclaims over its beauty.

A parasol with the same treatment is equally pretty on a smaller scale, and it would be very ornamental in the center of a round bed edged with bright colored phlox or candytuft. With a long spouted watering pot the vines could have a daily drenching in warm weather, when the sun is not shining on them, from their roots to their highest green tips, and this would keep them fresh.—Harper's Young People.

New Uses for an Old Material.

Peat, used for fuel from the earliest times, and long known to be of great value as a fertilizer, now finds so many other applications that its preparation has developed into an industry. Peat powder is serviceable, not only about stables but elsewhere, on account of its absorbent and somewhat antiseptic properties and low cost. A French surgeon introduced this powder, treated with antiseptic solutions and contained in a cloth bag, as a dressing for wounds. The idea, said to be a very old one among the working people of some places, was improved upon by another medical man of Paris, Dr. Redon, who made a soft and pliable wadding of peat. Other dressings have since crowded these out of hospitals, though the peat applications are coming into use and gaining in favor among veterinary surgeons. Dr. Redon's wadding has yielded important results by leading to many efforts to produce woven fabrics, so that peat is now made into mattresses, coverings, carpets, etc., which are esteemed on account of their power of absorption.—Iron.

Which Was Correct?

Two young girls who were considered bright scholars in the high school were looking over a birthday book, which was arranged alphabetically, a handsome, illuminated letter forming the heading for each page.

"I wonder," said one of the girls, "if there are just as many pages as there are letters in the alphabet, or whether there are some duplicates? Count the pages and see, Maud."

Maud turned the leaves rapidly and announced. "There are no duplicates; only thirty pages, just as there are letters."

"Why, you goose!" said Alice, "you'd better go back to primary school. Don't you know there are only twenty-four letters in the alphabet?"—Youth's Companion.

A Train Problem.

It is seldom indeed that the following question is answered correctly offhand:

A train starts daily from San Francisco to New York and one daily from New York to San Francisco, the journey lasting five days. How many trains will a traveler meet in journeying from New York to San Francisco?

About ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would say five trains, as a matter of course. The fact is overlooked that every day during the journey a fresh train is starting from the other end, while there are five trains on the way to begin with. Consequently the traveler will meet not five trains but ten.—New York Tribune.

Greedy Foreigners.

All excursionists agree as to the avidity with which those "furriners" seize on to good, hard, honest American gold. A Springfield man was bargaining for a parrot in a Havana bird store. The price was set at seventeen dollars, but the dealer shaded it down, a few dollars at a time. Finally the American took out a United States five dollar gold piece, remarking that he would give so much and no more. The dealer clutched the coin, and passed over the parrot, cage and all, before the gay bird could wink. —Springfield (Mass.) Homestead.

A Botanical Curiosity.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanical society the secretary brought to the notice of members a portion of a large poplar lately blown down in the gardens, showing a network of roots running almost round the trunk, between the bark and wood, at some distance from the ground. The plant had apparently derived its nourishment not from the soil, but from the decaying portions of itself. —Pall Mall Budget.

Peculiarity of Chinese Law.

If a Chinese boy were to kill a parent he would be burned alive at the stake in punishment for such an unnatural and horrible crime. But over the life of his children a father has absolute control, and can murder one of them and never incur the least penalty at the hands of the law.—Philadelphia Times.

FOR THE TOILET

There is no more useful or elegant article than Ayer's Hair Vigor—the most popular and economical hair-dressing in the market. It causes the hair to grow abundantly and retain the beauty and texture of youth; prevents baldness, heals troublesome humors of the scalp and keeps it clean, cool, and healthy. Both ladies and gentlemen everywhere prefer Ayer's Hair Vigor to any other dressing for the hair. Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, E. Pittston, Me., writes: "I Ask For Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time, and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and falling hair, so that I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor, my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor to any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair."

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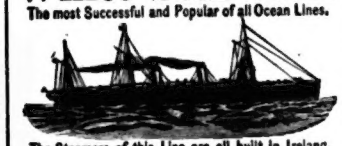

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; J St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C F. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 537 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 3441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 165 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedet; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor Hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnis, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 23—E Burns, C R, 4498 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 22—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E E Aahenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Logonis's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 33 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 598 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; J J Thometzs, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius Court No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Jos Esler, R S, 200 W Thirteenth st; John Schea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; [illegible] A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Seventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.

Annunciation Court No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 S Boy[illegible] and C Foley, R S, 413 Wanbansia [illegible] E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, [illegible] Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner B[illegible] d Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday.

St. Ambrose Court, 29— Farel, C R, 888 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Boiden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtenb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 132 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 D Bergan ct st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Beverick, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer ave.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 506 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J Molnerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesfy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; Jeph. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. L. Dunne, Pres., 1723 W. Lake-st.; C. Fullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 359 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Abern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Biggeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P. P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendercast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lof us, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert, Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st. V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter ...; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P. James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally 4455 School st; Fin. Sec. James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P. M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artesian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1086 W Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2093 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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The following clerical changes have been made in the archdiocese o Armagh: Father Murtagh, of Carrickmore, has been sent to Dundalk, to replace Father Smith, who has been appointed P. P. of Beragh; Father McDonnell, of Poyntzpass, to Carrickmore; Father Toner, of Carrickmore, to Poyntzpass; Father McAleer, of Down and Connor, to Togher, county Louth; and Father Short, of Beragh, to Ballinderry.

The action of the postmaster of El Paso in refusing to allow the El Paso *Times* to be transmitted through the mail simply because it contained as news an Associated Press dispatch giving a synopsis of the opinion of the Supreme court of Louisiana, compelling the secretary of state to submit at the next election a constitutional amendment passed by the last general assembly, extending the charter of the Louisiana State Lottery twenty five years, is deserving of the severest condemnation and censure, not only because of the injustice of such an arbitrary proceeding, but upon grounds of public policy. The business manager of the *Times* very properly had this postmaster, who bears the historic name of Smith, arrested for unlawfully detaining mail matter, and he was bound over to appear before a commissioner for trial, but the punishment, whatever it will be, even if ever meted out after many months of delay, will not fit the crime. Nothing short of absolute and immediate official decapitation, with whatever other punishment the law provides, would be proper for such officious intermeddling with the mails. If the United States mail is to be subjected to such scrutiny and exclusion by the postmaster at El Paso, the postmasters at the various other cities, towns, villages, hamlets and crossroads in the state and throughout the United States have the same right, power and authority, and are of course at liberty to do just as the postmaster at El Paso has done. If the postmaster can stop the transmission of a newspaper because it has in it the decision of a court in regard to the Louisiana lottery, he can also stop it because it mentions the name of the lottery in it, and if he can do this he can stop the *Post*, because it incidentally mentions the name of the Louisiana Lottery company in criticising his official conduct. If he can do this, however, he can override the strongest bulwark of the liberties of the people, and violate one of the plainest provisions in the constitution of the United States, thereby completely throttling the press.

Upon grounds of public policy the United States government should not tolerate such tampering with the mail. It throws open the doors to fraud, and, if permitted, will tend to make the service inefficient and unreliable. Why not detain a letter suspected of containing a lottery advertisement, and why not open it to ascertain if the detention is legal? If its contents are legal why then of course it might be permitted to continue on its journey.

The great wrong done newspaper publishers, however, is to allow a postmaster to authoritatively detain mail matter which in his opinion is illegal. He ought not to be permitted to do this. If the publisher has committed any wrong he can be held responsible and be made to suffer the penalty; but a postmaster may detain an entire edition of a newspaper, entailing a heavy loss upon the publisher, and yet when the matter comes to a final trial the court may decide that the papers are mailable. The damage has then been done the publisher, and there seems to be no adequate remedy for him. Suppose the politics of a newspaper are objectionable to the postmasters generally, and throughout the state they choose to hold a paper because in their opinion it is not mailable, it would thus put it within the power of the postal department to stop the circulation of a newspaper and bankrupt it, leaving the publisher with a lot of suits against postmasters as assets. Such a state of affairs leaves newspaper publishers without adequate remedy, and to allow such arbitrary conduct on the part of officious postmasters is contrary to the institutions of this government, and a violation of the legal maxim that each wrong has its adequate remedy.—*Houston (Tex) Post May* 16

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INFORMATION WANTED

Of Peter J. O'Connell, son of John and Mary O'Connell, Ardgroon, county Cork, Ireland. He was in Marquette, Mich., in 1882, and left there in 1884 and went to his uncle, C. C. Lowrey, Jamestown, Dak.; in 1886 he went from there to Duluth, Minn.; the last heard of him, in the fall of 1887, he was in Ashland, Wis. Any information about him will be thankfully received by

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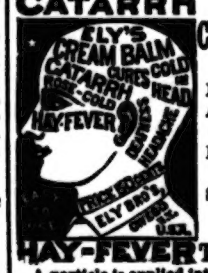

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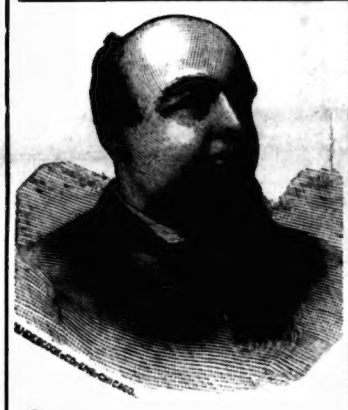

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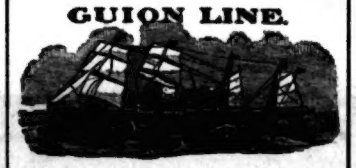

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NOTICE OF PETITION FOR LEAVE TO change name To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Victor Krasky, a resident of the County of Cook, in the State of Illinois, will file his petition in the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, at the next July Term A. D. 1891 of said court, which said term of court will begin and be holden at the Court House in Chicago, in said County of Cook, on the third Monday of July, 1891, praying that the name of the undersigned be changed to Victor Krasky.

Dated at Chicago, this 21st day of May A. D. 1891. (Signed) VICTOR KRASKY.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM MURPHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Murphy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of July, A. D. 1891, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, May 26 1891.

WILLIAM F. MURPHY,
Administrator.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administrator, Offices 916 Chicago Opera House Building.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. May Term, A. D. 1891 John G. Haueise vs. Sarah Haueise. In Chancery. No. 91,750.

Notice is hereby given to the said Sarah Haueise that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.
David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

ESTATE OF JAMES PYNE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Pyne, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1891, being the 17th day thereof. JOHN PYNE, Executor.

Dated Chicago, June 3, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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MILWAUKEE,

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